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THE SUB-MARINE.

It was a brave and jolly wight,
His cheek was baked and brown,
For he had been in many climes
With captains of renown,
And fought with those who fought so well
At Nile and Camperdown.

His coat it was a soldier coat
Of red, with yellow faced,
But (merman-like) he looked marine
All downward from the waist,
His trousers were so wide and blue,
And quite in sailor-taste!

He put the rummer to his lips,
And drank a jolly draught;
He raised the rummer many times—
And ever as he quaff'd,
The more he drank, the more the ship
Seem'd pitching fore and aft!

The ship seem'd pitching fore and aft,
As in a heavy squall;
It gave a lurch—and down he went,
Headforemost in his fall!
Three times he did not rise, alas!
He could not rise at all!

But down he went, right down at once,
Like any stone he dived;
He could not see, or hear, or feel—
Of senses all deprived!
At last he gave a look around
To see where he'd arrived!

And all that he could see was green,
Sea-green on every hand!
And then he tried to sound beneath,
And all he felt was sand!
There he was fain to lie, for he
Could neither sit nor stand!

And lo! above his head there bent
A strange and staring lass!
One hand was in her yellow hair,

The other held a glass:
A mermaid she must surely be,
If mermaid ever was!

Her fish-like mouth was opened wide,
Her eyes were blue and pale,
Her dress was of the ocean-green,
When ruffled by a gale;
Thought he, "beneath that petticoat
She hides her salmon-tail!"

She look'd—as sirens ought to look—
A sharp and bitter shrew,
To sing deceiving lullabies
For mariners to rue:
But when he saw her lips apart,
It chill'd him through and through!

With either hand he stopp'd his ears
Against her evil cry;
Alas, alas for all his care,
His doom, it seem'd, to die!
Her voice went ringing through his head,
It was so sharp and high!

He thrust his fingers farther in
At each unwilling ear,
But still, in very spite of all,
The words were plain and clear:—
"I can't stand here the whole day long,
To hold your glass of beer!"

With open'd mouth and open'd eyes,
Up rose the sub-marine,
And gave a stare to find the sands
And depths where he had been:
There was no siren with her glass,
Nor waters ocean green!

The wet deception from his eyes
Kept fading more and more;
He only saw the barmaid stand
With pouting lip, before
The small green parlour at The Ship;
And little sanded floor!

"A WOMAN for the most part reasons best
Upon a sudden motion, and untaught;
For with that special grace the sex is blest,
And those so many gifts wherewith 'tis
fraught;

But man, of a less nimble wit possessed,
Is ill at counsel, save with sober thought
He ruminates thereon, content to spend
Care, time, and trouble, to mature his end."

BROAD SUMMERFORD.—PART III.

(See page 10.)

I DO believe, continued the faithful historian, that in the whole course of her life, Mrs. Helen Seale had never conceived (much less indulged) but one *purely* selfish wish. That *one*, however, was so earnest, that inasmuch as was consistent with the most unreserved submission to the will of Providence, she made it her humble and frequent prayer, that it might please God to take her to himself, before her beloved brother was called to rest from his labours. It was a natural—almost a blameless wish. The shrinking of a tender and timid spirit, from the prospect of being left to solitary decay, under the burden of accumulating infirmities; and the fond, though perhaps *irrational* desire, that the earthly remains of her beloved companion and her own, might mingle together in the same grave.

She was well aware, that if Mr. Seale departed first, the poor remnant of her days must find an asylum far from Summerford; and it was her maxim (adapted to the subject of interment) that, "where the tree falls there it *should* lie." So she earnestly prayed to God to take her first, if it was his good pleasure to do so.

And Mr. Seale, with like perfect submission to the Divine will, whatever its decree, made it his prayer also, that his beloved companion might be taken first. Oh! how affecting was that wish—how beautifully disinterested! But he reflected truly, that it mattered little how dark—how cheerless—how companionless (humanly speaking) might be the last mile of a long journey, provided the lights of Home are fixedly in view, and the traveller confidently expects to find there, already safe in harbour, the beloved ones who have outstripped him on the way.

But to leave *one* behind—one dear desolate Being, infirm and helpless,

to tread alone that last dreary portion of life's pilgrimage! It was a momentary pang, repressed as soon as felt; but *that* thought entered like iron into the brother's soul, as sometimes, while apparently absorbed in his book, he gazed with moistened eyes, from under his overshadowing hand, on the gentle fragile creature whom he had cherished and protected for so many years, with a love "passing the love of woman." At such moments *his* mental ejaculation was—"Take *her* first, oh God! if it seem good unto thee." The brother and sister were not ignorant of their mutual wish. They had no secrets for each other—no reservation of false tenderness—no mistaken averseness to talk together freely and frequently of their approaching earthly separation. But that was only spoken of with serious brevity, with interchanged looks, and clasping hands, expressive of mutual encouragement; and then they discoursed, long—fully—fondly, almost rapturously, of their sure and certain reunion in that Good Land, where there shall be no more tears—no more parting—no more sin—no more sorrow.

But though the prayer of the righteous doth most assuredly ascend up into Heaven, and find favour with his Maker, it followeth not, therefore, that the All Wise, who judgeth not as man-judgeth, may see fit to *grant* the petition. He often grants in wrath, and denies in mercy—contents the unreasonable, or perverse, or impious wish, and disappoints the blameless and humble desire of the pure and pious heart. To the eye of faith, His ways are sufficiently justified, even in *this* world; and at the consummation of all things, we shall understand, as well as acknowledge, their infinite perfection.

It was *not* the good pleasure of their heavenly Father, that the aged

Pair at Summerford Rectory, should depart thence to their better habitation, in the order that might have seemed happiest for them, to human judgment. The gentlest, the weakest, the most infirm, the most helpless, was left behind, to superficial observation, alone and desolate. The beloved brother, the tender companion, the faithful comforter, the life-long friend, was called first to his reward; and when the hour of parting *actually* arrived, both felt—the departing Christian, and she who had so little while to tarry after him—that a strong arm was around them in their trial, and that it was indeed a matter of small moment, which first overstepped the threshold of eternity. There were after moments in store for the bereaved survivor (and she knew it well) of natural weakness—of inexpressible anguish—of conscious desolation; but the anticipation of those troubled not the almost divine composure which irradiated her meek countenance, as she partook with her expiring brother of those consecrated elements, which she had so often received from his own hands, at the altar of that church, wherein he had ministered so long, and so faithfully.

There was not a dry eye among the many hundred persons assembled in and about the church-yard of Broad Summerford, on the day of Mr. Seale's funeral—not a dry eye throughout the whole assemblage, except those of the venerable gray-haired man immediately following the two gentlemen who attended as chief mourners. He walked quite alone—bowed down with the burden of threescore years and ten, and of a sorrow which sought no vent in outward demonstration. His hand had helped to arrange the pall over the coffin of his dead master. His arm (as the corpse was carried through the door-way) had stretched forward with cautionary gesture—for word he spake not—as if to guard the insensible burden from rude or sudden contact; and his

dim eyes were never for a moment diverted from that last object of his earthly care, till it was laid in its appointed house, and the cords were withdrawn from beneath the coffin, and the earth rattled on its lid, and had covered up for ever from mortal sight, all of the departed saint over which the grave was permitted to assert its victory. Then, as having fulfilled his office even unto the end, John Somers raised his eyes from earth to Heaven, his lips quivering with a few words of inward ejaculation, and turning slowly from the brink of the grave—and yet pausing to look back on it, with an expression that seemed to say, "Why may I not *now* lie down beside my master?"—he shook his head as it declined upon his breast; and so silently acknowledging the kind but unavailing sympathy of the many who would have pressed about him with well-meant officiousness, he passed on quietly through the hushed assemblage, and laying his hand on the ready shoulder of his young grand-nephew, slowly and feebly retraced his steps towards the Rectory, and up to his own chamber; and taking his bed almost immediately, he arose thence no more—till, at the end of a few weeks—having received the grateful farewell of his aged mistress—for whose service, had it been permitted, he would still have consented to live a little longer—he also was borne along the church-yard path, and interred in the same grave with his revered master.

Such had been Mr. Seale's testamentary request, in case his old servant (who had been long declining,) should end his days at Summerford. He also gave directions respecting the memorial stone, which should mark out the place of their joint sepulchre; and it may be seen to this day under the shade of a broad maple, which stands in the east corner of Summerford church-yard—a plain thick slab of grey marble, on which it is simply recorded, that

UNDERNEATH
LIETH THE BODY
OF

THE REV. JOHN SEALE,
AGED 83 YEARS,

(52 OF WHICH HE HAD BEEN MINISTER TO THAT PARISH);

AND OF HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT,

JOHN SOMERS,
AGED 81 YEARS.

Amidst the incessant fluctuation of human affairs, of those especially characterising the state of society in our own country, there are few circumstances more generally affecting than the departure of a widow from her husband's house. Even under the most favourable aspect—when she departs in ease and affluence—voluntarily departs—voluntarily, at the suggestion of her own judgment, resigns the house of which she has been so long sole mistress, into the rule of a tender son, and of a daughter-in-law scarcely less dutiful than Ruth—both of whom would fain detain her, to be, with her wisdom and her grey hairs, the crown and glory of their household :—Even under circumstances so favoured, it cannot be but that the woman most firm of purpose, *must* feel (if she have common sensibility) some natural yearning, some momentary pang, when she looks back on that abode, to which, in the prime of her youth and beauty, she was led a young and happy bride—where her children first saw the light, and grew up like olive branches about their parent's table—and going forth into the world, returned and returned again to the blessed reunion of the domestic circle—where she bore mild rule over her household, setting it the pattern of her own pure and virtuous life—where no poor man ever turned unrelieved from her gate, and no neighbour unwelcomed from her hospitable door—and where, above all, she has shared with the partner of her life their common cup of hopes and fears, of joy and sorrow, of fruition and disappointment—where they had grown grey together, encouraging one another in

the down-hill way—till at last the fiat of separation came—and, with a woman's devotedness, she had received the departing breath, and closed the expiring eye—All these, and innumerable other affecting recollections, must crowd together into the widow's heart, when she looks back upon that home which she shall no more re-enter but as a temporary guest. But when her departure is *not* voluntary—when her dwelling devolves to strangers, or to distant kindred, and therefore she must leave it—or to a heartless son, who, to the prayer of “the asking eye,” answereth not “abide with us, my Mother,” and therefore she must leave it—or when (being attached to church preferment) it passeth into the hands of a new incumbent, and therefore she must leave it—(ah ! how often under circumstances of accumulated distress !)—*then*, indeed, it is painful to think of the departure of a widow from her husband's house.

Never widow sustained a heavier loss by the best husband's death, than did Mrs. Helen Seale by that of the best of brothers. And, by his decease, the living of Broad Summerford falling to a new rector, she had of course to provide another home for the short residue of her earthly sojourn. The choice of that asylum was hardly left to her own free will, so pressing were the entreaties of her numerous kindred that she would take up her abode among them in her native island. I fear, indeed, that she was sorely beset on the occasion, and that when finally prevailed on to fix her residence beneath the roof of two female cousins, she rather yielded to importu-

nity, and to what she considered a grateful sense of their desire to accommodate her, than to the secret inclinations of her own meek and affectionate heart, whose dictates, had she attended to them only, would probably have induced her to re-establish herself in England, in the vicinity of my parents, her most beloved, and, I may say, most disinterestedly attached relations. But matters were ordered otherwise. The maiden sisters obtained Mrs. Helen's promise to establish herself with them, and it was furthermore decreed, that a male relation of both parties, one of Mr. Seale's executors, should escort her to her new place of abode, when the affairs which were likely to detain her in England were finally arranged. In truth, the necessary delay was to her a respite; for grievous as was the void in all her home enjoyments, irreparable as was the change at the Rectory, it was still full of associations and recollections more precious to her than any social comforts the world had now to offer.

It was soon known at Summerford, that the living was already bestowed, by its young titled Patron, on a college friend of his own standing, just qualified to hold it; and rumour prepared the parishioners to expect in him a pastoral guide of very different character from that of their late venerable minister. Mr. Seale's curate was, however, continued in his functions *pro tempore*, and for a few weeks nothing decisive was known of the new rector.

In as far as was compatible with the great change which had taken place in her earthly circumstances—and in spite of her approaching removal, so omnipotent is habit, that Mrs. Helen had again fallen quietly into the routine of her accustomed occupations and household cares; and a superficial observer would have perceived little alteration in her deportment and person, except that the former was somewhat more subdued and serious—that her quiet movements were more slow and feeble—

and that she looked considerably more aged, partly from an increased stoop in her gait, and from the exchange of her usual attire for a still closer garb of the deepest mourning. Her soft fair hair, scarcely silvered till her brother's death, but now completely blanched, was no longer smoothed up over the roll beneath her clear lawn cap, but parted and combed straight on either side, under the broad mourning hems of a close mob; and a large black silk handkerchief, crossed over her bosom, almost concealed the under one of thick white muslin. Thus habited, Mrs. Helen was one evening engaged in her store-room, superintending and assisting in the homely office, of which I have before made mention,—that of sugar-nipping; one of Mrs. Betty's aprons was pinned before her own, but Mrs. Betty herself had been dispatched on some errand to a distant part of the house; and the former comely *en bon point* of that faithful handmaid having amplified to a vast weight of portliness, she moved with corresponding majesty of gait, and was long absent on her five minutes' mission. It was near midsummer—not a leaf stirred in the glow of a cloudless sunset—not a domestic creature, fowl, beast, or biped, was visible about the rectory, every door and window of which were flung wide open, so that a stranger might have entered unnoticed, and found his way unimpeded into every chamber of the mansion. Suddenly wheels were heard rapidly approaching the entrance gate. Then the short pull up, and knowing check of some dashing Jehu, as he flung the reins with various charges to an attendant groom—then the clinking of spurs and the creaking of boots across the court—in the entrance hall, (for no regular summons was sounded, and no servant appeared to question the intruder)—in the parlour—along the vestibule—and at last in the very passage conducting to Mrs. Helen's sacred apartment—the whole progress being accompanied by certain musical variations

between a song and a whistle, and the pattering of fourfooted creatures, and the admonitions of—"Down, Ponto, down, sir!" "Back, Di, back, you toad!"—apparently unheeded by the canine offenders, for in they rushed, a brace of noble pointers, into the very presence of Mrs. Helen—and immediately their noisy owner stood, in *propria persona*, on the very threshold of her sanctuary. There stood the dear old lady, not exactly

"With locks flung back and lips apart,
Fit monument of Grecian art;"

but certainly with "lips apart," and slightly quivering with surprise and trepidation—her mild blue eyes, expressive of strange perplexity, the nippers in one hand, and a lump of sugar in the other; and, as I told you, Mrs. Betty's apron (a checked one as it happened) pinned over her own of snowy muslin. And there stood the intruder, a handsome, good-humoured looking coxcomb, six feet high, in a pepper-and-salt frock, tight buckskins, and yellow topped boots; a most unclerical beaver rakishly set on one side,—a silver whistle dangling from his button-hole, and an eye-glass round his neck, through which he took deliberate cognizance of the apartment and its venerable occupant. The latter soon became aware, that in this phenomenon before her, she beheld the successor of her late revered brother; and before the shock and amazement incident on that discovery had anyway subsided, the young parson, evidently mistaking her for a house-keeper, or upper servant, proceeded to make very unceremonious observations and inquiries; almost immediately, however, cutting short the string of his own queries, by the still more cavalier address of,—“But that will do by-and-by—time enough to ransack the old kennel—and now I'm starving—so dispatch, old girl! D'ye hear? and get me something to eat, if you've any prog in the house.”

Mrs. Helen was aware of his mistake, and neither mortified nor indig-

nant at the unaccustomed salutation; on the contrary, when she heard this pressing appeal to her hospitality, the natural disgust excited by his unclerical appearance, gave place to her innate kindness; and anxious to supply his wants—and, if possible, with the particular sort of viand which she imagined him to have specified, she looked up in his face with grave simplicity, and very seriously inquired—"Pray, sir, what is prog?"

The question set him off in a roar of laughter, and before the fit had half subsided, Mrs. Betty's entrance undeceived him as to the rank of the person he had been so jocularly addressing; and then the young man, who, though very unclerically disposed, was neither unfeeling nor ill-bred, became really confused and distressed at the recollection of his absurd behaviour, and endeavoured to atone for it by the most respectful apologies. They were very placably accepted, and a servant having been summoned to show the new rector to a sitting-room, or to his chamber—or, if it suited his convenience, to take a brief survey of the mansion to which he came, with a master's right, Mrs. Helen gave directions for the preparation of such refreshments as could be served up with the least delay; and the famished guest found them so excellent in their way, that his respect for the hospitable entertainer increased with every mouthful; and it was magnified to absolute veneration by the time his repast was concluded.

A breakfast table, supplied with the finest Mocha coffee, the most perfect "green imperial," the most savoury potted meats, the richest orange marmalade, and the thickest cream he had ever regealed on, put the climax to his ecstatic admiration of the venerable hostess; and if at that moment he did not actually conceive the idea of addressing her with matrimonial proposals,—the possibility of detaining her as superintendant of his future establishment did certainly suggest itself,—“For, what could I do better?” he very

rationally soliloquised; "a nice, kind, motherly old lady!—gives capital feeds!—never tasted such pot-
ted shrimps!—makes tea like an angel!—won't be much in the way —(not half so bad as a wife,)—and I must have somebody."

Very rational cogitations! but the young rector was too politic and well-bred to broach the subject abruptly to his lady-like hostess; and having informed himself of all particulars respecting her—of her high respectability and perfect independence, that knowledge, though it confirmed his desire to detain her at the rectory, made him aware that his only chance of success would be to ingratiate himself by respectful attention, and, if possible, to interest her kind feelings in his behalf, before he ventured on the grand proposal. It was by no means difficult to effect the latter object. Mrs. Helen's benevolence extended itself over everything that lived and breathed; and her new firmate, besides that he sedulously cultivated her good opinion, really possessed many amiable, and some sterling qualities. Left in his earliest infancy to the sole care of a doating widowed mother—he had been a most affectionate and dutiful son, and tender recollections of his lost parent (whose death was yet recent) made him more feelingly alive to the maternal kindness of his new acquaintance. He was by no means viciously disposed, though the world, and the world's ways, had too much influence over a heart, of which the clerical profession was not the free disinterested choice—and though it was too probable that in many and material points he would fall far short of the late rector's amiable example, he showed an early and sincere intention to emulate it in beneficence at least, and only required to be directed in the distribution of his bounty by Mrs. Helen's judgment and experience. He could scarcely have urged a more efficient plea for the venerable lady's continuance at Broad Summerford; and, moreover, he succeeded in exciting her compas-

sion for his utter inexperience in housekeeping, and the management of a family, and for the loneliness to which he should be condemned if she persevered in her intention of departure; and, by a masterstroke of policy, he so craftily insinuated himself into Mrs. Betty's good graces, as to enlist all her influence in his favour, so that the ancient hand-maiden lost no opportunity of observing to her lady, that it would be almost a sin to leave such an innocent, open-hearted young gentleman, no more fit to keep house than the babe unborn, to be preyed upon and devoured like a lamb among a flock of wolves, by a pack of idle rogues and hussies. "And then," said she, "though to be sure he falls far short of what *has been* at the rectory, and can *never come up to that*, yet who knows, ma'am, what *we* might make of him in the end; and, at any rate, you would not think of leaving him, just as the pickling and preserving-time is coming on, and there is not so much as a pot of black currant jelly left, (and he told me he was subject to bad sore throats,) and all the tincture of rhubarb, and the senna walnuts, are out, and Betty Hinks had the last of the palsy-water yesterday; and I am sure you would not choose to leave him only the bare shelves, poor young gentleman, or without a handsome stock of everything good and comfortable. Besides, I've just set Cicely about a set of new shirts for him—(I got the cambric a bargain;) and then there's all his household linen to be provided, though, to be sure, if *we* were to stay——"

If Mrs. Betty had studied the art of oratory, she could not more happily have timed the *pause politic*. Her incomplete sentence,—"*If we were to stay——*" left Mrs. Helen to ponder over all the real good she might do, if she *did* stay—and her *secret* enumeration went farther, perhaps, and extended to nobler views, than were particularized in Mrs. Betty's catalogue. "To do good," was the most influential of all motives with

one of Mrs. Helen's truly Christian character—and to bless had been the business of her life. Now, though bereaved of him, in whose life hers had been bound up, those affections which had centred in him did not all shrink inward, absorbed in selfish sorrow; and they had been greatly won upon by the respectful and almost filial attention of her young acquaintance. There was no congeniality of disposition between herself and the persons who had importuned her to dwell among them, neither had they any near or dear claims upon her; and then, though she had never uttered one idle regret, never indulged one thought that savoured of repining, her heart clung to the earth—the very earth of Broad Summerford—above all, to that narrow portion of it, hallowed by the grave of her beloved companion. All these considerations, and possibly something of the natural effect of age on a singularly gentle character, the force of habit, the dread of change, the formidable prospect of a journey and a voyage, of isolation among strangers—all these considerations and circumstances co-operated so well with the young rector's persuasive eloquence, that Mrs. Helen would probably have ended her days at Broad Summerford, had she been left to her own uncontrolled decision.

But she had some thousands at her sole disposal, and the tender solicitude with which her distant kindred had pressed her to reside among them, was so far from suffering any abatement by "hope deferred," that it kindled into a glow of inexpressible impatience for her removal from Broad Summerford, when they became aware that the unexpected conduct of the new rector had more than half-reconciled her to continue there; so they zealously bestirred themselves in assisting her to arrange the affairs which still required her presence in England. Business that (as they had lately averred) would require months to settle, was now disposed of in as many days.

Difficulties were smoothed, objections levelled, obstacles removed, (no such pioneer as interested zeal,) promises insisted on; claims of blood, of affection, of propriety, urged imperatively, almost reproachfully, till the object was effected; and the good old lady, with her ancient Abigail, the staid Cicely, and John Somers's grand-nephew, (now advanced to his uncle's office,) were uprooted from their peaceful home, and transported the weary way by sea and land, to that which had been provided for them under the roof of the maiden sisters, whose capacious and commodious dwelling had obtained for them the warmly-contested privilege of receiving, or rather making prize of, their "dear cousin."

I wish I could tell you—I wish I could persuade myself, that the remaining years of my dear old friend found a happy and serene asylum in that which she was rather compelled than persuaded to accept. At best, the contrast between that latter home, and the one she had so long inhabited, must have been felt painfully. But I fear, I fear, all was not done that might have been done, to render the change less striking—that when the removal was finally effected—and the "dear cousin" safely deposited within a ring-fence of kindred surveillance, that love grew cold—and zeal relaxed—and respect abated of its observances; and as the meek spirit bowed down with the declining frame, advantage was taken of those affecting circumstances; and she, who, under the fostering care of watchful affection, or even in the quiet independence of her own free home, might still have supported her honoured part in society, and tasted the sweets of social intercourse, sunk into a very cipher, obviously treated as such, in an establishment, of which, though spoken of as a household partnership, she bore the entire charges. And when, about two years after the removal from Summerford, it pleased God (by a sudden stroke) to deprive her of her faithful friend and servant,

whose indignant spirit, and honest zeal, had in some measure stemmed the tide of encroachments on the independence of her more gentle and passive mistress—when it pleased God to take away from her this faithful creature, under various frivolous pretences, it was soon afterwards contrived to remove from about her the two other attached servants, who had followed her fortunes from Summerford.

"What need of two?" they said, "what need of one?"

To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?"

"I prithes, Lady! being weak, seem so.
All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so - -"

But the mild nature so heartlessly aggrieved took no offence—complained of no injuries—resisted no indignities. Unhappily, perhaps, she was too silent—too passive; for a word of appeal from herself would have brought friends, and firm ones, to her rescue. But she was timid by nature, and her mental energies gave way at the first shock of unkindness. Her life was protracted to an unusual extent, but for many years before her death, repeated, though slight paralytic seizures had partially deprived her of the use of speech. *Partially* only; for though unable to express her wants and wishes in explicit language, or to utter a sentence in common conversation, she could recite the Psalms—the whole

book of Psalms, with unflinching accuracy, and unflinching articulation; and those sacred songs became *her language*, adapted and applied to all such subjects as she was inclined to notice, with an aptness and promptitude which bespoke an inspired, rather than a disordered intellect. And hers was not disordered. The fearful spirit sank under oppression and neglect; but the believing soul took refuge with its God—communed continually with him in the sublimest of all strains; and it is not presumptuous to believe, that when the faltering tongue breathed out that pathetic appeal—"Leave me not in the time of mine old age—neither forsake me when my strength faileth me"—it is not too much to believe that an answer was immediately vouchsafed, and that the inward ears were blessed with the sound of that gracious assurance—"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." To the last (for such sublime colloquy) her utterance, and her intellect, failed not. From the period that those divine songs had become her sole language, she had continually recited them in the accents of her mother tongue, and one who stood beside her death-bed told me, that the moment before her departure, she slowly and audibly articulated—

"Mon ame, retourne en ton repos, car l'Eternel t'a fait du bien. Je marcherai en la présence de l'Eternel, dans la terre des vivans - -"

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, WITH EXTRACTS.

The Adventures of Naufragus. Written by Himself. London. 1827.

FROM the extraordinary nature of the adventures described in the volume under this name, and the extreme youth of the author, we formed an opinion that the work was a collection of facts and observations which had occurred to various persons, and were strung together, for the sake of uniformity, as having happened to a single individual. In this, however, we learn that we have

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been mistaken; for we have received a letter from Naufragus himself, affording us not only most satisfactory evidence of his identity, but such convincing reasons to rely upon the authenticity of his narrative, that we can no longer entertain a doubt upon the subject. In justice to him we place this acknowledgment in front of our remarks; and have only to say, that the certainty of its reality adds greatly to the interest of his eventful story.

Our hero, according to his own account, was born in London, in March 1796, of a family which had just fallen from commercial affluence into penury. He was, consequently, brought up by an uncle, a harsh man, and in due time consigned to the sea-service on board an Indiaman. On his second voyage he was so ill-treated, that he ran away from the vessel at Pulo Penang. Here he entered into the country-shipping line as a second mate of the brig Jane, and sailed for Malacca.

After sailing about from port to port, for some time, we find Naufragus, at the age of *sixteen*, appointed a purser of an Indiaman at Calcutta; returning home, his uncle receives the deserter severely, and he again seeks the Indian seas as a free mariner. It is not necessary for us to trace his course, and we will only pause where a convenient illustration of it is offered to us. At Cochin—

“What most attracts the notice of a stranger is, the enormous size of the legs of the natives, from which circumstance, legs of a disproportionate size are, in India, called ‘Cochin legs:’ hundreds of poor wretches are seen here with legs swollen to so enormous a size, as more to resemble those of an elephant than any thing human. The disease of which they are indicative, and which is attributed, but improperly, to the impurity of the water, has never been known to affect Europeans.”

At Calcutta, having realised some money, he resolved to purchase a trading vessel, and at the age of not quite eighteen, sails from Calcutta as captain and owner of a ship of 125 tons, and cruises about with various fortune. At Madras he tells us—

“The business of entering my vessel at the custom-house, and making preparations for landing my freight, being settled, I returned to the hotel. No sooner was I seated in a spacious room, affording a pleasant prospect of Fort St. George and of the esplanade in front, then a bevy of dubashes surrounded me, each eager that his services should be accepted. At the

recommendation of the master of the hotel, I selected one named Koondar Gruar; he was a tall stately personage, intensely black; through his nose he wore a large gold ring, and his fingers were covered with massy rings of the same precious metal, some of them set with topazes, pearls, and emeralds. Of his mustachios, which were enormously large, he seemed not a little vain, for he was continually smoothing them upwards with his fore-finger and thumb. He commented, in glowing terms, on the luxury of having the fingers jointed, the ears cleaned, and the nails pared, before dinner; and recommended me to undergo these operations, alleging that it was the *custom* and *very refreshing*. Before I could well make a reply, an active little personage, also with a ring through his nose, began to pull my fingers, and made each of them crack to pretty quick time, and not without pain: he then, without ceremony, laid hold of my head with his two hands, turned it round, introduced a small instrument into my ear, and cleansed it out almost before I was aware what he was about; to the other he did the same: when he had finished, he placed his thumb inside the ear, and on withdrawing it, contrived, by some manoeuvre, to produce a noise not unlike the report of a pop-gun, and nearly as loud. Then, taking my cheeks between his two hands, he suddenly twisted my neck over my right shoulder, and with such quickness and violence that I almost imagined a dislocation to have been produced. I had little time, however, to consider, for the indefatigable operator twirled it round again, just as expeditiously, on the other side: I was about to testify my dislike to these operations, when, with a sudden jerk, he restored my head to its natural position; and while I was doubting whether it was safe or not, he made me a very low bow, holding out his hand for a *box* (or present), Koondar Gruar and his attendants, all the while, standing by and looking on with great gravity. I told Koondar

Gruar to give him five fanams, but, skilful as he was, resolved never again to put myself under his hands. Another operator then made his appearance, having in one hand an instrument for paring my nails, and in the other a pair of enormous tweezers; but I immediately arrested his progress by telling Koondar Gruar 'it was my intention to take that trouble upon myself;' and added, 'send all these attendants away—I want nobody at present but yourself.' On this, they were all, with an important show of bustle on the part of my dubash, turned out of the room. Soon, however, they returned, slyly, one by one, until the room, in a few minutes, was as full as ever. While I was asking Koondar Gruar if he could procure me any freight for Pondicherry and Ceylon, in came a man bearing on his shoulders no less a personage than the celebrated 'Dumnakurk,' a dwarf, standing hardly twenty-three inches high, but having a head as large as that of a grown-up person. It appeared that he had many years before made a voyage to England, under the care of the captain of an Indiaman, who reaped a rich harvest by the exhibition of him; but whether Dumnakurk himself profited by the trip, I did not ascertain. On his return to his native country the arrows of Cupid made great havoc in the breast of the little hero, who married the object of his affections, and in 1814 was the father of seventeen children, all of them grown up to perfect manhood. He danced before me with infinite glee and good humour, holding out his little hand, or rather fin, singing 'Dumnakurk, Dumnakurk, give little Dumnakurk,' until, beckoning Koondar Gruar, I told him to give Dumnakurk twenty fanams. Scarcely had Dumnakurk, mounted on the back of (as I understood) one of his sons, disappeared, than a juggler squatted himself down before me, and without waiting for a signal to begin, first introduced into his mouth a sword, the blade of which was about twenty inches in length and

one broad, and thence, up to the very hilt, into his stomach; then drawing it out suddenly, threw it down at my feet. Of this, and of other feats of legerdemain, such as spitting fire, balancing by means of the mouth, throwing balls, &c., those who have seen the celebrated Ramo Samee in England may form an idea; but this juggler by far surpassed Ramo Samee in his concluding feat, for he actually forced upwards, with apparent pain, and held in his two hands, at the distance of seven inches from his mouth, a part of one of his intestines which, after the lapse of a second or two, he replaced. I stood within two feet of him at the time, and was convinced that no deception could be resorted to. In this conviction I was afterwards confirmed by the testimony of many of my own countrymen, old sojourners in India, who assured me it was a feat which had become very common with jugglers, but which was discredited by medical men in England, and even in India, until, of late, ocular demonstration compelled the latter to admit as a fact what had before appeared to them altogether impracticable and unworthy of belief. This exquisite treat, however meritorious it might appear in the eyes of the surrounding natives, produced a qualmish sensation on my stomach; so telling Koondar Gruar to give the juggler five fanams, I dismissed him, once more ordering the room to be cleared. My order was apparently obeyed with alacrity, and I was about to congratulate myself on having got rid of these officious visitants, when, on looking round, I saw one man still remaining, and (as he supposed) artfully concealed behind a screen. On inquiring his business, he produced from beneath his vest, a small box, in which was a black scorpion of an enormous size; he next called my attention to a stone of about the size and shape of a kidney bean, eulogising its virtues, as capable of extracting the deadly venom of the reptile's sting; and to convince me of the truth of his assertion, permitted the

scorpion to sting his fore-finger, which bled profusely and immediately swelled. This stone, on being applied to the wound, stuck on for the space of a minute, and then fell off, exhibiting a green mark about the spot which had been in contact with the wound, and leaving the finger apparently healed: him I dismissed with a present of three fanams. A gentle knocking at the door now drew my attention to a new intrusion. A man with a basketful of 'dancing serpents,' of a large and rare kind, sought admittance; but my patience being exhausted, I positively forbade his entrance, telling Koondar Gruar that I came to his country not in pursuit of curiosities or pleasure, but on business. 'Ah, master,' he replied, 'I know you white man all got clever head; no think pleasure, think more high!'"

These scenic descriptions are preferable to the extremely sensitive and romantic portions of the adventures, where the sailor's endeavours at fine writing are rather ultra excellent.

At Port Louis the captain marries a beautiful creature named Virginia; and really the most sentimental of novelists could not have got up a finer drama of feelings, partings, agonies, rushing into arms, tears and tearing away, &c. &c. At last, the bridegroom and bride sail for Sumatra; and are now, safe and well, somewhere in London-town.

The publication is, upon the whole, an amusing one; and there are many spirited sketches, similar to those we have quoted, characteristic of the countries visited, and the people seen, by the errant Naufragus. His adventures may therefore be recommended to readers as eligible pastime for the idle hour—the incidents are numerous, the change of scene always varying, and the descriptions lively.

"*The Aylmers, a Novel in Three Volumes*," offers to the lovers of light reading, a few hours' agreeable amusement. Sketches of college life, the ludicrous attempts of a family in an humble sphere to imitate the manners of their titled neighbours,

and the thoughtless guilty career of a profligate woman of fashion, have little of novelty to recommend them. In the present instance, however, the light and spirited manner in which these subjects are treated, and the slight but pleasing story with which they are interwoven, excite an interest which is not diminished till the close of the work. The story will not admit of our offering a sketch of it. A considerable degree of humour is displayed in the delineation of some of the characters, and the moral lessons which it conveys render "*The Aylmers*" a pleasing addition to the circulating library.

Sketches of Persia, from the Journals of a Traveller in the East.
London, 1827.

OF the author, whose intelligence and talents have recently been rewarded by an important appointment in India, we need say nothing. His abilities are well known to the public; and in the highest sense of the phrase he is a *fine fellow*: brave as a soldier, manly and judicious as a diplomatist, enterprising as a traveller, sagacious as a ruler, acute as an observer of men and manners, eloquent as a speaker, and delightful as an associate in private life. Such is the man to whom we are indebted for these two volumes; thrown together with that happy carelessness which leaves nothing to be desired, but carries you along with the same spirit and effect as if you were listening to a lively and interesting conversation. Of the author's opportunities for becoming as intimately acquainted with Persia as an European can be, it is only necessary to remark, that he twice visited that country in a confidential and elevated official capacity, and that by his skilful management he ingratiated himself into the good graces of the natives of every rank, from the Sultan to the labourer. He spoke the language, he was aware of the national prejudices and feelings; and he so conducted himself, that while he did honour to his mission and Sovereign,

he made himself a general favorite in the land which he traversed.

A playful introduction prepares us for the agreeable company in which we are about to pass our hours. At almost every page we find something to entertain us.

"*Tales of all Nations*," in one neatly printed duodecimo volume, is a pleasing collection of agreeable fictions by different authors, and consequently of rather unequal merit. The tales, ten in number, are all original, with the exception of "The Ring," which is acknowledged to be a translation, or rather an alteration from the French, and which we remember to have seen in a volume of Italian Tales, published three or four years ago.

Light, graceful, and elegant, Queen Elizabeth at Theobald's, by the author of London in the Olden Time, claims our preference, and we extract the following as a specimen of the pleasing style in which it is written, and of the author's successful imitation of the quaint conceits and extravagant compliments which it was then not uncommon to offer at the shrine of royal beauty:—

"Whence came you, saucy Jack?" was the salutation of her highness as the young poet threw himself on his knees before her.

"From the banks of Helicon, where I have gathered a few wild flowers—pale indeed, and drooping, but which ask only one sunny smile to revive them," said the wily courtier.

"Let us have them straight, ere their beauty be decayed," said the queen, laughing.

Emboldened by this mark of favour, young Harrington, with a gay smile, commenced the following verses:—

Wherefore hast thou lost thy bloom,
Velvet rose? and thy perfume,
Little modest violet,
Half unseen in the garden set,
Wherefore hath that fled away?
Then, joyfully, the rose did say,
If my lost bloom ye would seek,
See it on Parthenia's cheek.
And the violet answer made,

My perfume to her breath hath strayed.
Lilly! on thy graceful stem,
Lifting thy pearly diadem,
Decked with gold and gemmed with dew,
Loveliest in thy snowy hue,
Wherefore dost thou hang thy head?
Whither is thy whiteness fled?
It hath gone, thus answered she,
To that breast of ivory,
And that forehead fair and even
To divine Parthenia given.
And, O thou golden sun, said I,
Looking to the clear blue sky,
If the roses lose their bloom,
And the violets their perfume,
And the lilies all their whiteness,
Wherefore shall we need thy brightness?
Ah! said Phoebus, sadly sighing,
Soon my empire must be flying;
Little need is there for me
If Parthenia's eyes you see?

Nothing abashed at the outrageous compliments bestowed on a withered beauty of fifty-six, the queen smiled as her saucy godson concluded. "Well, young servant of the muses, what shall your guerdon be?"

"Nought but one of these sunny smiles that waken all things to joy and gladness," returned the young courtier, gracefully bowing.

"Nay, Elizabeth payeth not in such unsubstantial coinage," replied she, taking a pearl brooch from her stomacher, and giving it to him.

"O, said I not truly divine Parthenia's smiles were as the morning, when each drop orient pearl on their worshippers?" was the answer of the courtier poet, as, again bowing, he placed the royal gift in his cap, and cast a look of exulting defiance around him.

An Essay on the Use of the Chlorurets of Oxide of Sodium and of Lime as Powerful Disinfecting Agents, and of the Chloruret of Oxide of Sodium, more especially as a Remedy of considerable Efficacy in the treatment of Hospital Gangrene, Phagedenic, Syphilitic, and ill-conditioned Ulcers, Mortification, and various other Diseases. By Thos. Alcock, Surg.

This is a detailed history of the origin and progress of Monsieur Labarque's important discovery, together with much original interesting matter, the result of Mr. Alcock's personal observation.

Experience has proved the great power of these substances, not only in neutralising and rendering inodorous and innocuous putrid effluvia, but in counteracting the effects of disease in the living body. They are now known to be extensively applicable—at least in Surgery—most useful and comfortable dressings in cancer and analogous diseases—*curative*, probably, of all ill-conditioned ulcers of the extremities. Their employment, in combination with the usual, obviously proper, means, cleanliness and ventilation, puts an immediate stop to the spread of contagious or infectious maladies (as far as their influence extends), and they arrest most effectually the progress of putrefaction in dead animal matter, destroying, of course, at the same moment the deleterious and offensive smell. They have also been proved to be almost specific in certain diseases of the horse—an account of which will probably be laid before the public.

“*Specimens of the Polish Poets, with Notes and Observations on the Literature of Poland; by John Bowring.*” This is designed as a companion volume to the Russian, Spanish, Dutch, and Servian Anthologies, previously published by Mr. Bowring. The preliminary essay on the language and literature of Poland, particularly with respect to the latter, is very slight; and we must take leave to add, very unsatisfactory.

The volume is confessedly not al-

together what Mr. Bowring wished it to be. He had reason to hope for the active co-operation and assistance of several Polish friends interested in the literary reputation of their country; but from the difficulty, and, on certain subjects, the danger of communication, he was disappointed; and therefore, rather than totally abandon his purpose, he decided upon sending his specimens into the world in the best manner that he could. We select a beautiful and touching little poem, from a series of “*Laments*,” on the death of a favourite child, by Kochanowski, who died at the close of the 16th century. These Laments, Mr. Bowring observes, “overflow with the expressions of passionate grief; but the want of diminutives in our language makes it impossible adequately to convey their tenderness into English.”

Thou angel child! thy mournful dress before
me

Throws bitterer sorrow o’er me:
Thy little ornaments of joy and gladness
Awake a deeper sadness.

Never again to wear your splendours,—never;
All hope is fled for ever.

A sleep, a hard and iron sleep hath bound thee,
Dark night hath gathered round thee;

Thy golden belt is dim; thy flower-wreathed
tresses

Scattered—Thy summer dresses,
Which thy poor mother wrought;—she had
arrayed thee

For love,—and we have laid thee
In the tomb’s bridal bed; and now thy dower
Is a funereal flower—

A little shroud—a grave. Sweet child! thy
father

Some odorous hay shall gather,
To pillow thy cold head. Death’s dormitory
Holds thee and all thy glory.

THE HEIRESS OF THE PRIORY.

THE blue concave of heaven was without a cloud, and a July sun shone with intense and dazzling splendour. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the landscape, in its quiet loveliness, as it presented the characteristics of English scenery. The ground gently undulated, rose in verdant swells, crowned with feathery

clusters of trees, or richly wooded, all down their sloping sides; numberless cottages peeped through the green foliage, and dotted the valleys beneath; and the more imposing habitations of the rich were spread in the winding dales and on the loftiest eminences. The spot where I stood was particularly delightful: a

chrystal stream leaped from its parent spring on the summit of an opposite acclivity, dashing over projecting stones and roots of trees laid bare; and, swelled by the trickling of other rills, ran brawling through the vale below, turning two mills in its course, and hiding itself in the overhanging woods to appear again in the distance like a thread of silver. A winding path, shaded by luxuriant trees, climbed to the top of the hill, and led to the village church, half hidden by a majestic grove of oak and elm; the spire alone appearing above the spreading branches of these patriarchs of the soil.

I had quitted the very centre of London, to enjoy a few holidays with an invalid who occupied a very unpretending habitation in the immediate neighbourhood of the village. Arriving late on a Saturday evening, my first morning stroll was directed towards the church; and the melody of its bells, and the view of the tidy peasantry, who flocked from every direction, crowding the rustic bridge, spreading themselves along the bright yellow roads, and emerging from green lanes, added greatly to the pleasure which I derived from this sweet scene of rural repose. I read the rustic homilies inscribed upon many rude tombstones with feelings of more than ordinary solemnity. It was to me delightful to join in the holy service of our church in a place where the great Creator's hand was every where visible—where, blessed by his bounteous providence, the hills rejoiced, and the valleys laughed and sang. Amid the dark dwellings made by man, where the sunbeams steal with sickly rays through dirt and gloom, we are not reminded of the presence of the Almighty; but in the country every flower that blows, every blade of grass, and every green leaf, give evidence of his power and of his goodness. It was yet early; the bells were ringing, more in honor of the Sabbath, in joyful thankfulness for the day of rest mercifully vouchsafed to man, condemned to labour by the sweat of his brow, than to call

the rustic congregation to prayers; since three quarters of an hour were still to elapse before the commencement of the service. The churchyard was tenanted only by a few idlers like myself, some stretched under the spreading yew trees, and others grouped together in grave converse.

While lost in contemplation, a door in a park paling, which skirted the receptacle for the dead, opened immediately behind me. I stepped aside to make way for a female to pass, and never did I behold a more interesting object: she was tall, and so elegantly proportioned, that although her slender frame seemed worn to a mere shadow, her figure was still such as to command the strongest admiration. Her features were of the finest order of beauty, and her skin, of dazzling fairness, emulated the hue of Parian marble. I had never seen any thing half so pale; but the rose's tint could scarcely have added loveliness to the lilies which harboured there. Her eyes and hair were dark: the lustre of the former seemed quenched by grief, and one rich tress of her glossy locks alone appeared, combed straight across the white forehead. She was attired in the deepest mourning; and even the fashion of her garments, which flowed around her more like a pall than the curiously cut habiliments which denote a regard to outward appearance, and betray female vanity in the midst of pretended woe, seemed to show the profundity of that anguish which had blanched her cheek, and attenuated her form. She appeared to shun observation, and my respects for her sorrows, whatever they might be, limited my curiosity to a single glance. I saw her bend her steps in a straight direction towards the church, which she entered, and afterwards, when I took my stand at the sacred edifice, I looked around, but she was not visible. One pew closely screened by dark curtains, indicated the place of her retreat: it was not far from mine, and when the psalms of praise and thanks-

giving were hymned by the congregation, I thought I could distinguish notes of thrilling sweetness issuing from the secluded spot. After the close of the service, I still lingered in the church-yard, taking care to avoid the appearance of impertinent inquisitiveness, by sheltering myself behind the carved stone-work of a cumbersome monument; and it was not until the Sexton waited, key in hand, to close the door, that she ventured forth; gliding hastily along the path, and vanishing through the paling which opened at a touch. I had bent my steps homeward, pondering upon the probable nature of those afflictions which had reduced a creature so lovely and still so young, for she did not appear to be more than eight-or-nine-and-twenty, to a state of such hopeless misery.

My friend was incapacitated by a debilitating disease from the exertion of the slightest exercise; and upon my returning to her abode, I eagerly inquired who and what the lady was, whose appearance had so deeply interested me. "I am sorry," she replied, "that you visited the church-yard sufficiently early to encounter the wasting form of Isabel Vane. I had hoped that your sojourn with me would have been marked by uninterrupted cheerfulness, but now I am certain that you will not rest until you have heard the history of this most unfortunate young woman, and the relation cannot fail to imbue the mind with melancholy feelings."

After this preface, I, of course, the more earnestly entreated to be made acquainted with the tale, however it might tend to damp my great pleasure.

"I happen," said my friend, "to know every particular relating to those sad occurrences which have plunged a very charming creature into the most irremediable distress. The leading incidents are of public notoriety. You would learn them from every person in the village; it would be vain to attempt concealment: and therefore I have no hesitation in revealing all the circumstances which led to the reck of hu-

man happiness—the storm whose ravages you have witnessed. It was, indeed," continued my friend, "a fearful visitation. Most fortunately for Isabel, it has led her mind to religious meditation; and though in this world the fountain of her tears can never be dried up, she has clung to the only refuge from the earthly cares, the rock of Christianity, and looks beyond the grave for the termination of all her sorrows. I can remember the time when this apparently-spoiled child of fortune thought of little excepting the gratification of sometimes very reprehensible feelings, and who thought herself born only for the indulgence of elegant and expensive tastes. The period is not very far distant in which she visited the church more for the pleasure of seeing and of being seen, of astonishing her inferiors by the display of wealth and grandeur, of mortifying some by neglect, and of exciting the fawning adulation of others, by her haughty condescension, than for the purpose of confessing her dependence upon a Supreme Power, of acknowledging her offences, and asking for the pardon and protection of the merciful Being, whose precepts she had neglected. I think I behold her now, radiant with beauty, the loveliness of her person heightened by the most costly adornments of dress, following her father, the proud old Baronet, up the aisle, to the richly-decorated pew, as though her feet disdained the earth they trod upon; while two ancient domestics, clad in state liveries, carried the prayer-books, one walking first, lest the door should be profaned by vulgar hands, the other in the rear, to prevent all contact with the rest of the congregation. And then, to see the profound bows and humble curtsies which greeted them from every side; it was, indeed, the vanity of human greatness. One might have wished for some salutary lesson, but not for such a frightful change.

"There had been most unhappily a quarrel in the family. The marriage of the late Sir Godfrey's father was solemnized on the continent,

and the Baronet's cousin took advantage of some supposed informality, and the difficulty which peculiar circumstances had thrown in the way of procuring evidence, to dispute his right to the title and estates in a court of law. Sir Godfrey triumphed, but never could forgive his adversary; in fact, nothing could exceed the deadly nature of the hatred which these contending relatives bore towards each other. Mutual injuries heightened the animosity, until, provoked to end the feud by violence, each sought by a duel to avenge his wrongs in the blood of his enemy. After this last violation of the ties of consanguinity, the combatants, though ceasing from new aggressions, lived perfectly estranged, and in unyielding enmity.

"Sir Godfrey's family consisted of a daughter only, while that of his kinsman boasted a son. Lady Vane died while Isabel was in her infancy, and the Baronet married again for the express and avowed purpose of disappointing the hopes which his cousin might have cherished, at the failure of male heirs; but the union was unblest by offspring of either sex, and at the decease of his second wife, Sir Godfrey, who doated upon his daughter, no longer made himself unhappy at the idea of leaving the son of his enemy to inherit the title; the estates being entirely at his own disposal, and with them, he resolved to make Isabel the richest heiress in the country. About the period that Miss Vane attained her seventeenth birthday—an epoch marked by the dismissal of her governess, and her appearance at the head of her father's table—the cousin before mentioned paid the debt of nature. His only son was at that time travelling upon the continent; and the young man, feeling exceedingly anxious that a reconciliation should take place in this long divided family, wrote a respectful and conciliatory letter to the Baronet, entreating that former grievances might be forgotten, and asking permission to pay his duty to such near relatives, in order that he might endeavour to

win their favourable regard. Nothing could exceed the rage of Sir Godfrey at the presumption, as he termed it, of this request. His paroxysms of passion brought on a fit of the gout, which incapacitated him from answering the letter with his own hand; and, fearful that if his kinsman's application should remain unnoticed, he might venture to appear at the Priory, he commanded his daughter to take up the pen in reply. Isabel, not participating in her father's resentment, made a slight effort to appease him, but, terrified by his anger, soon relinquished the office of mediatrix; and, having faithfully transcribed the Baronet's bitter invective, concluded by assuring Mr. Vane, that, although she lamented the stubborn inflexibility of a parent, and would willingly perform the part of a peace maker, she felt bound to respect the prejudices of one to whom she owed the most dutiful obedience; and as she despaired of working the slightest revolution in the Baronet's feelings, she hoped that he would not ask for her interference, or make any fresh attempt to soothe the irritation which recollections of the past never failed to produce. However she might grieve to be the channel of such a communication, she was compelled to say that he must relinquish all hope of amicable intercourse between the families.

"It cost Isabel considerable pain to write thus peremptorily. She felt interested for one who appeared so ready to make atonement for his father's errors, and to forget and forgive the injurious treatment which he himself had received. Writing to a female correspondent in London, who she believed could give her the information she required, she asked for a description of Mr. Julian Vane, and was deeply disappointed to hear that he was ugly, ill made, almost to deformity, coarse in his habits and demeanor, and exceedingly ill tempered. The fair heiress dissipated her chagrin at this intelligence by a visit to her flower garden, which formed one of the chief sources

of her pleasures. She was a distinguished florist, and carried her love of these splendid productions of nature improved by art to excess. No pains or expense was spared to procure the rarest plants. She contended for the prize at the auricula and tulip feasts, and prided herself upon admitting none except perfect flowers into her parterres. About this time the head gardener fell ill and died. It was rather difficult to supply his place; but at last a young man from Scotland offered, who appeared to be perfectly qualified to fill the situation. Isabel was pleased by his modesty and intelligence, and a certain air above the vulgar which characterized his manners; a circumstance of some importance, on account of the necessity of frequent consultation upon floral subjects. Angus Stewart was well educated, according to the custom of his country: he also evinced much good sense and information, but Isabel did not at first perceive that he was strikingly handsome. A redness about his eyes entirely disappeared; and recovering from some severe contusions which he had received in a fall from a ladder, and suffering the hair which had been shaved off in consequence of this accident, to grow again, she was astonished by the surpassing beauty of his countenance. His figure would have formed a model for a sculptor, and these advantages, joined to manners which might be termed polite, rather than civil, and an inexhaustible fund of good-humour, rendered the handsome gardener a favourite with all the household. Miss Vane was astonished at the pleasure she derived from the conversation of a domestic, enthusiastically attached to the same pursuit. He had stored up a vast fund of entertaining anecdote and useful knowledge, culled from books and observation, relative to the vegetable kingdom. He was also a geologist, and evinced an intimate acquaintance with natural philosophy. In short, every day developed some new talent, some fresh claim to respect and admiration.

"Isabel, highly accomplished herself, and somewhat vain of her acquirements, had hitherto held the intellectual qualifications of her male acquaintance in sovereign contempt: persons of mere learning were pedantic, and confined their views to the limits of their own peculiar studies; and for the most part those young men who visited at the Priory, hated science, or neglected it, and, devoted to athletic exercises, to horses and to dogs, never troubled themselves with the improvement of their mental faculties, or were wholly devoted to frivolity. From these people Miss Vane turned with scorn; and, at little pains to conceal her sentiments, she was universally dreaded as a severe censor and a harsh satirist. Men felt themselves abashed and lowered in their own estimation by her haughty superiority. She was known to have rejected several matrimonial offers with unbecoming disdain; and though admired for her beauty, and courted on account of her wealth, was exceedingly unpopular among her equals of both sexes. Conscious of the almost repelling dignity of her deportment, Isabel never left the garden without marvelling at her condescension, in holding so many long and friendly dialogues with Angus Stewart; but as he never presumed upon her affability, and though resolving a thousand times to estrange herself, she continually broke the determination. Their intimacy, if I may so designate it, increased, and she found no pleasure equal to that of holding converse with her erudite gardener. Lucy Clayton, Miss Isabel's maid, participated in the sentiments of her mistress, and viewed her fellow-servant with favourable eyes. She spent every leisure moment among the flower beds, invited him to drink tea with her in the house-keeper's room, and challenged his attendance upon Sundays and holidays. This growing partiality being evident to Miss Vane, who was somewhat dubious whether the gardener surveyed her rosy-cheeked *soubrette* with equal admiration, she continually pondered upon the sub-

ject, and was surprised and confounded at her own behaviour, while frequently detecting herself in the act of throwing obstacles in the way of Lucy's wishes, and striving with extraordinary anxiety to detain her within the house. Isabel shed tears of the deepest humiliation at the discovery which the recurrence of these symptoms produced. She learned with anguish of heart that she had given her whole affections to a menial. However, though she had unconsciously yielded to the merits of one so much beneath her, she was too high minded to indulge in the weakness. Prevented by a fresh attack of gout, which confined the Baronet to his dressing-room, from leaving home, she determined to seize the very first opportunity of sending Stewart away, and in the interim she abstained from visiting her flowers. It was in vain that the gardener sent messages to say, that he had received some rare and new plants from the royal hot-houses at Kew, or tempted her to come forth by specimens of fresh varieties in her geraniums. Isabel persevered, notwithstanding that she felt the privation, and grieved to neglect her favourites at the period in which they had attained their fullest beauty. While lamenting the necessity which kept her away from her delightful occupation, Lucy Clayton asked leave to spend an evening at a fair, a few miles distant. Miss Vane remonstrated with her on the folly and impropriety of visiting such places; Lucy, tossing her head, complained of the hardship of the denial, and said she was sure she could come to no harm, for that Stewart had offered to take care of her.

"The required permission was instantly given, and the lady gladly took the advantage of the absence of Angus, to fly to her flower garden. Several hours passed away in this delicious spot, and when it grew dusk she was tempted to stray to a considerable distance from the house. The gardens were very extensive, and were laid out with great taste: as they verged towards the park, they

assumed a wilder character, until terminating at a bubbling stream, where rich clusters of water lilies opened their silver chalices to the sun, the scenery became grand and romantic. Isabel bent over the water; her eye caught some dark object moving between the trees, which clothed a steep acclivity opposite to the place where she stood. She felt alarmed, and her terrors were increased by a sudden peal of thunder which rolled directly over her head. A heavy black cloud, whose rapid approach she had not remarked, now entirely obscured the sky, and the lightning's flash, quick and vivid, blazed through the woods. Exceedingly frightened, she turned to seek some refuge from the storm. One of her feet became entangled in the root of a tree, and she would have fallen but for a supporting arm, which caught her before she touched the ground. The rain now fell in torrents, and Isabel, nearly insensible, felt herself borne rapidly along. She soon reached the shelter of the gardener's cottage: it was Stewart who had thus unexpectedly rushed to her assistance; and he, apparently unwilling to quit his lovely burthen, still clasped her in his embrace. Miss Vane, though faint and languid, made a violent effort to obtain her release. Amazed and offended, she uttered an angry reproof. 'Oh, Isabel,' exclaimed her supporter, again wrapping his arms around her, 'does not your heart tell you that I am Julian Vane?'

"A long and interesting conversation ensued. Determined to be acquainted with his lovely cousin, Julian had assumed the disguise of a servant, and in order to prevent the suspicion which the superiority of his manners might excite, had requested their mutual friend to describe him in any thing but flattering colours. His romantic scheme succeeded; and passionately in love with Isabel, and convinced that she returned his affection, he became deaf to her entreaties, refusing to quit his dangerous pursuit, and swearing that if she

did not permit him to approach her in his present character, he would appear openly at the Priory, and demand her at the Baronet's hands. Intimidated by these threats, Miss Vane unfortunately consented to carry on a clandestine intercourse with the man proscribed by her father. The garden again became the scene of her happiness, and though constantly dreading a discovery, Julian grew every hour too dear for her to summon fortitude to urge the separation, suggested by duty and by prudence.

"Summer passed away, and the early close of the autumnal evenings deprived the cousins of their accustomed interviews. Julian could not consent to the loss of Isabel's society. There was a suit of apartments upon the first floor entirely appropriated to her; the windows of the library and *boudoir* looked into the gardens; and the too-adventurous lover, placing the ladder against the wall, obtained the ready means of egress and regress.

"Isabel, in consequence of her father's lethargic habits, had many hours at her own disposal, and these were now pleasantly employed in building fairy castles with the enthusiast beside her, or in listening to some favourite author as he read aloud. She was, however, alarmed by a sharp inquiry which the Baronet made respecting the conduct of the gardener; and fearful that he would learn her secret, besought Julian to avoid a discovery by flight. Though exceedingly unwilling to consent to this measure, she hoped her tears and entreaties would prevail; and she felt much vexed at the unexpected arrival of a female visitor, who effectually prevented her from exchanging a single word in private with her cousin. The young lady proposed remaining until the following morning; and, being attacked by a sudden illness after she had retired to rest, Isabel found herself obliged to remain nearly the whole night by her bedside. Once she crossed the library to her own apartment, and

perceived that Julian had been there. He had dropped a knife from his pocket, which she immediately recognized; and, vexed by his carelessness in leaving such a vestige of his visit, placed it cautiously out of sight. Returning to her friend, whose malady seemed to increase, she rang the bell for farther aid, and the servants obeying the summons, she at last sought repose. Her slumbers were disturbed by the appearance of Lucy Clayton, who, breathless and aghast, informed her that Sir Godfrey lay stretched upon the floor of his chamber, a lifeless corpse—murdered by some assassin's hand.

"I must pass over the agony of Isabel at this intelligence. Suspicion immediately fell upon the gardener, whose intimacy with Miss Vane had been long known to the servants. The discovery of their relationship seemed to confirm the idea, especially as the Baronet's watch remained upon his dressing table, and a large sum of money, placed ostentatiously in an open drawer, was untouched. Isabel had obtained a fatal proof of Julian's entrance by the library window, and Lucy Clayton, whose jealousy had been ever upon the watch, had seen him steal up the ladder. A long train of circumstantial evidence fastened the guilt upon this unhappy young man. A bundle of blood-stained garments were found buried near his cottage, and identified as his property. He was committed to prison, tried, and condemned. The wretched girl, his cousin, was dragged to the bar, a reluctant witness against him. Persisting in the declaration of his innocence, he prayed earnestly for one farewell interview; but poor Isabel, who accused herself as the primary cause of her father's death, refused to visit the criminal's cell; and Julian, denied this last consolation, suffered the ignominious sentence of the law.

"Miss Vane hovered for many months upon the brink of the grave: she had no friends to volunteer their presence in the house of mourning; and now, left entirely to the care of

menials, I, though not boasting any previous acquaintance, ventured to approach her in her affliction, and taking my station in her chamber, succeeded, when her strength returned, in soothing the bitterest agony of her mind : gradually, as she learned to rest her thoughts upon another world, the frantic bursts of despair subsided into a settled melancholy ; and she bent patiently under the heavy load which bowed her to the very dust. A discovery which at first revived her keenest sufferings, and threw her into paroxysms of anguish, now affords her consolation. Julian was not her father's murderer. The dying confession of one of the under gardeners, who fell a victim to remorse, cleared this ill-starred young man from the imputation which stained his name and character. Tempted by the account given by Sir Godfrey's valet of the large sums which his master kept in his chamber, and by the ladder so conveniently placed at an open window, the assassin took advantage of Julian's carelessness to array himself in his apparel. The work of murder

completed, he was alarmed by the sound of Miss Vane's bell, and, flying hastily, left his promised booty behind. He buried the betraying garments in a spot which could not fail to attract observation : and, untouched by suspicion, saw a fellow-creature perish on a scaffold for a crime which an avaricious spirit had urged him to commit. But the terrors of an awakened conscience overtook him. He wandered far away from the spot ; but, by an irresistible fatality, was led again to the scene of his guilt and of his misery, when, consumed by a slow disease, he sank into an untimely grave.

"No arguments could induce Miss Vane to quit a place fraught with so many horrible recollections. She devotes the whole surplus of her income to acts of charity ; and secluding herself entirely from society, spends every leisure hour in religious meditation. The garden, now a perishing monument of former happiness, is suffered to fall into decay, and she never emerges from the boundaries of the park, except to attend the public service of the church."

MY SISTERS.

THERE are so many minute traits, contributing to form the individuality of a character, that not only do we see amongst men in general the greatest possible diversity of thought and action ; but even in members of the same family, born almost at the same epoch—passing through the same routine of education—pursuing similar employments, and acted upon by precisely the same circumstances—there exists a diversity, which every day's occurrences more clearly develope. I am not metaphysical enough to account for this fact ;—of its existence, I require no stronger evidence than the characters of my three sisters.

The eldest married, very early in life, a widower with a family—contrary to the advice of her friends,

more especially of my mother, who very much questioned the possibility of happiness under such circumstances. Sophia, however, decided differently : Mr. P. had a very handsome establishment—a suitable equipage—a dignified position in society—and an adequate rent-roll. It would be the *acmé* of folly, she argued, to reject all these indisputable advantages, from the dread of a counteracting influence, that might render them little available to herself. The fact was, Sophia relied a good deal on her wonderful power over the minds of others : which she judged as applicable in this particular relation, as in those through which she had already passed. So she married ; and the accuracy of her calculations was speedily manifested. As soon

as her dynasty commenced, it was evident to even casual observers, that her admirable mode of proceeding would render her monarchy absolute. She pursued her course like a steamboat—preserving a direct line, in spite of wind or current. There was no arrogance of manner, to warn her rivals of the necessity of opposition, and to tempt them to a trial of strength. Her very pleasant voice never ascended to harsh or authoritative tones; her lady-like manners were never animated into roughness or austerity: yet she had the art of carrying her point, in defiance of every obstacle. She possessed an inflexibility of purpose, that distanced all opposition, and triumphed over every persuasion. She approached her object by so many avenues, that it was impossible to keep them all guarded; and her mode of attack was too various ever to be calculated on—or, consequently, to be prepared against. Yet, even in the very act of pursuing her own inclinations, most decidedly against the avowed wishes and hopes of those connected with her, she preserved her winning mildness so perfectly, that all believed her to be on the verge of yielding to their opinions; and were constrained, at length, to admit, that she acted from conviction rather than from feeling. Here, probably, lay the secret of her wonderful power over the understandings of those within her sphere—an influence which has been confirmed, rather than weakened, as far as regards her husband, by the open opposition and insidious stratagem that have been by turns employed to diminish it. She is a person, who constantly makes for herself some object to be obtained; consequently, she secures that happiness of which human nature is capable—the felicity of hope. Her mind also is kept in a continual state of activity; and whether this be effected by new-furnishing a drawing-room, or perfecting systems of political economy, is immaterial: if the necessary excitement be produced, the cause, with relation to the

individual, is unimportant. My sister's sphere of action is precisely that best adapted to the calibre of her mind: and I consider, her, therefore, one of the happiest individuals of my acquaintance.

My second sister, my dear Grace, may be deemed less fortunate. She is a fine creature, in mind and person. We need not pause over the detail: critics might refuse the palm of beauty to her, but all must acknowledge the magic of her loveliness. Those large lustrous black eyes, animating that marble complexion—how touching, how expressive!—what a speaking record of sorrows past—subdued, but hardly yet forgotten! *Her* romance of life was painful, and she may be thankful she has so early begun to live, amidst the realities of the world. There is one event certain, in the life of every woman. Proud—intellectual—strong-minded as she may be, she is predestined by stern necessity, to experience the inevitable misfortune of loving. Now, a woman's mental power may defend her against the inroads of any other passion, and her principles are excellent auxiliaries. —But this very power aids the influences of the malignant aspect of the planet of her destiny. Her constitutional tenderness—the artificial habits of dependence, given by the blessed system of modern education—her deep sense of the bliss of being loved, or loving—her gratitude to him who makes her the arbitress of his fate—her desire of communicating happiness—are the train of combustibles, to which imagination applies the blazing torch. This creature, full of the endearing sympathies of her nature—with an understanding that gives her an intense consciousness of the elevated sentiment of reciprocal love, resigns herself entirely to its empire. *Her soul lives in the bosom of another*—she “joys with his joy, and sorrows with his sorrow!”—and the end is, almost always—shipwreck and desolation.

With regard to Grace, I never could understand the attraction which

bound her to Harcourt in the first instance. Perhaps it was habit, or the consciousness that the stability of her character would be a balance for the vacillation of his : in short, women generally can give very little account of the *cause* of their attachments. No matter : during the period of their engagement, he found equal advantage in the aid of her fine intellect and her decisive energy. They furnished that impetus to exertion which his indolence required. Doubtless he felt the benefits he was deriving ; and surely every eye perceived his attachment, and doubted not that its durability and fervour would be the one redeeming exception to his general fickleness. But time, that test of all things, that infallible ordeal, which separates the dross from the ore, the false from the true—time abated Harcourt's love—passion, whatsoever he called it. It boots not now to recount, step by step, the progress of his infidelity. My poor Grace !—even her admirable, equally-poised mind, changed beneath this disappointment—this bitter draught of wounded affection. Her health was affected—her natural seriousness deepened to gloom—her sweet smile shaded by constant efforts at a cheerfulness not within the compass of her attainment. Harcourt was called from our vicinity ; and I began to hope that entire estrangement would effect its usual work. But there are always officious friends, ready enough to sound in one's ear a name one wishes to avoid. Somebody had seen Harcourt lately, and described him as absorbed in the very worthy pursuit of fortune-hunting. From a more certain source, we heard that his constant associates were men of dubious gentility, amongst whom wealth is the grand apology for every thing that is vulgar in mind, coarse in manner, and ignoble in principle. And Harcourt, with the fatal facility of his character, had sunk to their lead—was seeking to ally himself with them by the closest ties. " Oh ! why," said my poor Grace to me, for

I was the *confidante* of all her sorrows—" why can I not teach my heart to spurn this abject creature, as the dust beneath my feet ? Why does that heart still ache over the loss of that which my judgment disdains—loathes ? *This* is not the Harcourt I loved—the husband of my hopes ! The phantom of my imagination has disappeared forever ! Shall I doat on dust and ashes, when the living soul has fled ! what would union with him be now, but of the living with the dead ! " But though esteem and admiration were gone, Grace's tenderness yet clung to him. She had suffered her heart to escape from the control of her understanding ; and it was not in the power of that poor thing called human reason to effect a triumph, which can result only from a higher source. In the first agony of her desolation, she had called upon God !—but he was not in the storm, nor the earthquake, nor the fire. And there was no silence in her breast, for the breathing of that still small voice, which comes with peace and assurance to the wounded and broken spirit.

I am not sure whether, after having deserted a feeling woman, the most merciful thing a man can do, is not to marry. I suspect there are very few cases, whatever may be the sense of a female, in which there is not that lurking hope of the wanderer's return, which is just sufficient to preserve attachment, that flourishes, perhaps, most luxuriantly in an agitated soil. In process of time, Harcourt forged *his* golden fetters, and Grace was compelled to avert her thoughts from him. She felt—too much !—her grief was a compliment he had not merited. However, I had the consideration to subdue my indignation ; and I proposed a visit to a dear friend, in a distant country. We went, and were soon occupied in the details of a life full of usefulness, activity, and consequent happiness. By usefulness, I do not mean feeding poultry, or superintending a dairy ; but such occupations of thought and action as

tend to the improvement, both of one's-self and others. Grace was interested, before she suspected herself capable of *forgetting*. To gain this point is to advance considerably in the attainment of tranquillity. The more she got out of herself, and was accustomed to step beyond the boundary of her own feelings and interests, the better. In three months Grace was wonderfully improved both in mind and body. She had the good sense to be constantly occupied, and never to speak of Harcourt. We returned home, quite delighted with our excursion; and, at this present moment—It is not quite fair to betray secrets; but I am really afraid Grace is seriously inclined to see the advantages of a residence with the best of men, in the midst of as fine a country as gems “this spot—this earth—this England!”

My youthful sister—Kate—the beauty of our family—the pet—though at years of womanhood, the plaything of the whole house—full of youth, and joy, and brightness—who that has once seen her does not bless the faculty of memory, were it only for the power it gives him of recalling the lovely vision that has flitted before him.—That bright hazel eye, shining in a light of its own, the emanation of a mind full of the wildest imaginations, the keenest perceptions of the ludicrous;—that perfect mouth, constantly breaking into dimples, or curling with the prettiest scorn;—that clear, animated complexion, varying incessantly through all shades allied to rose-colour, from the faintest tint of flush-colour, to the deepest carnation;—that arching neck, which seems made expressly to toss gracefully the haughty little head;—how appropriate are all these to that anomalous creature, a coquette by birth!—Yes,—I am convinced Kate brought her coquetry into the world with her. She has a good stock of affections too; but then they are lavished on parents and other natural claimants, and all the warmth of her heart is expended

in this direction. She once had a three months' preference for a youth, whose kindred spirit made his dark eyes actually dance in the splendour of their own sunshine. Circumstances separated them; and a month afterwards Kate was moving through the usual *pirouette* of existence as lightly as ever. She remembers him occasionally still, with a sigh so blended with a laugh, you can scarcely understand whether she is melancholy or jesting. She scorns all thought of *loving*—that is, of being in love—with a most Beatrice-like disdain;—but she means to marry for all that, she says. She leaves sentimentals to Grace, and, for her part, she intends to give herself a chance of repenting in a coach and six. According to her philosophy, every person must experience a certain proportion of felicity and disappointment, of which it is wisdom to enjoy the first, and to think as little as may be, of the other. A thorough-paced woman of the world, matrimonially bent, could not sport a happier latitude of indifference to youth or age than my lovely and inexperienced sister. The medium through which she views the attractions of her various admirers, is their rent roll; not that she is insensible to a difference in personal appearance, or in pleasing manners, but she has a keener perception of the distinction between three cyphers and four, in the annual amount of a man's receipts, inasmuch as she comprehends that this must materially affect the modicum appropriated to his wife's expenditure. Doubtless Kate will marry advantageously, and I am not sure whether her chance of happiness, or comfort, is not greater than if some of her sensibilities were keener. Once united for life to a man of sufficient weight to allow her to respect him, she has too much sense ever to mar his felicity or her own by unbecoming levity, or the indulgence of her sarcastic humours. She has a very wise resolution of avoiding all petty squabbles, which have so obvious a tendency to de-

story the comfort of life. She has a natural aversion to any more violent breach of the peace, than that occasioned by her own bursts of uncontrollable laughter, which reach to the utmost limits of the boundary prescribed by grace and good-breeding. If she is somewhat irascible, she is extremely placable;—if she is quick at repartee, she is, at the same time, abundant in the tact which feels, in

a moment, the point beyond which she must not venture. Altogether, a man may marry Kate, without rendering his discretion questionable. That is to say, if he have tolerable temper and kindness. But as he would shun plague, pestilence, and famine, let him avoid my coquetish though inartificial sister—if he be but the twentieth part of a degree inclined to tyranny.

THE PENITENT'S OFFERING.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

[From an unpublished Volume, entitled "The Winter Wreath."]

THOU, that with pallid cheek,
And eyes in sadness meek,
And faded locks that humbly swept the ground,
From thy long wanderings won,
Before the' all-healing Son,
Didst bow thee to the earth, oh Lost and Found!

When thou would'st bathe his feet,
With odours richly sweet,
And many a shower of woman's burning tears,
And dry them with that hair,
Brought low the dust to wear
From the crowned beauty of its festal years.

Did He reject thee then,
While the sharp scorn of men
On thy once bright and stately head was cast!
No! from the Saviour's mien,
A solemn light serene,
Bore to thy soul the peace of God at last!

For thee, their smiles no more
Familiar faces wore,
Voices, once kind, had learned the stranger's
tone.
Who raised thee up, and bound

Thy silent spirit's wound!
He, from all guilt the stainless, He alone!

But which, oh erring child!
From home so long beguiled,
Which of thine offerings won those words of
Heaven,
That o'er the bruised reed
Condemned of earth to bleed,
In music passed—"Thy sins are all forgiven!"

Was it that perfume fraught
With balm and incense brought
From the sweet woods of Araby the blest!
Or that fast-flowing rain
Of tears, which not in vain
To Him, who scorned not tears, thy woes
confessed!

No, not by THESE restored
Unto thy Father's board,
Thy peace, that kindled joy in Heaven, was
made,
But costlier in his eyes,
By that best sacrifice,
Thy HEART, thy full deep HEART, before
Him laid!

THE WOOD KING.

ALREADY the pile of heaped-up fagots reached above the low roof of his hut; but Carl Scheffler still continued lopping off branches, and binding fresh bundles together, almost unconscious that the sun had set, and that the labours of the day being over, the neighboring peasants were hastening to the skittle-ground to pass away an hour in sport. The woodcutter's hut was perched upon

an eminence a little out of the public path; but he heard the merry songs of his comrades as they proceeded gaily to the place of rendezvous, at the Golden Stag in the village below. Many of his intimate acquaintance paused as they approached the corner of the road nearest to his hut, and the wild wood rang with their loud halloes; but the call, which in other times had

* St. Luke, chap. vii. ver. 37, 38.

been echoed by the woodman's glad voice, was now unanswered; he busied himself with his work; his brow darkened as the joyous sounds came over his ear; he threw aside his hatchet, resumed it again, and again casting it from him, exclaimed, "Why, let them go, I will not carry this chafed and wounded spirit to their revels; my hand is not steady enough for a bowling-match; and since Linda will doubtless choose a richer partner, I have no heart for the dance."

It was easy to perceive that Carl Scheffer was smarting under a recent disappointment: he had borne up bravely against the misfortunes which, from a state of comparative affluence, had reduced him to depend upon his own arm for subsistence, fondly trusting that ere long his prospects would amend; and that, at the return of the Count of Holberg to his ancestral dominions, he should obtain a forester's place, and be enabled to claim the hand of Linda Von Kleist, to whom, in happier times, he had been betrothed. But these dreams had vanished; the count's bailiff having seen Linda, the flower of the hamlet, became his rival, and consequently his enemy: he had bestowed the office promised to Carl upon another; and Linda's father ungratefully withdrawing the consent given when the lover's affairs were in a more flourishing condition, had forbidden him the house. Buoyed up with the hope that Linda would remain faithful, and by her unabated attachment console him under the pressure of his calamities, Carl did not at first give way to despair; but Linda was too obedient, or perchance too indifferent, to disobey her father's commands. He sought her at the accustomed spot—she came not, sent not: he hovered round her residence, and if chance favoured him with a glimpse of his beloved, it was only to add to his misery, for she withdrew hastily from his sight. A rumour of the intended marriage of his perjured mistress reached his ears, and, struck to the soul, he en-

deavoured, by manual labour, to exhaust his strength and banish the recollection of his misery. He toiled all day in feverish desperation; and now that there was no more to be done, sat down to ponder over his altered prospects. The bailiff possessed the ear of his master, and it was useless to hope that the count would repair the injustice committed by so trusted a servant. The situation which above all others he had coveted, which would have given him the free range of the forest, the jovial hunter's life which suited his daring spirit, delighting in the perils of the chase, and, above all, a home for Linda, was lost, and for ever; henceforward he must relinquish all expectation of regaining the station which the misfortunes that had brought his parents to the grave had deprived him of, and be content to earn a sordid meal by bending his back to burthens befitting the brute creation alone: to hew wood, and to bear it to the neighbouring towns; to delve the ground at the bidding of a master, and to perform the offices of a menial hireling. "At least not here," cried the wretched young man, "not in the face of all my former friends; there is a refuge left where I may hide my sorrows and my wrongs. Fair earth, and thou fair sky, I gaze upon you for the last time; buried from the face of day in the centre of the deepest mine, I'll spend the remnant of my life unperturbed and unknown." Determined to execute this resolution on the instant, Carl hastily collected such parts of his slender property as were portable; and having completed his arrangements, prepared to cross the Brocken, and shaped his course towards the Rammelsburg. The last rich gleam of crimson had faded from the sky; but there was light enough in the summer night to guide him on his way. A few bright and beautiful stars gemmed the wide concave of heaven; the air was soft and balmy, scarcely agitating the leaves of the forest trees; the fragrance-weeping limes gave out their richest

scent, and the gentle gush of fountains, and the tricklings of the mountain springs, came in music on the ear; and had the traveller been more at ease, the calm and tranquil scene must have diffused its soothing influence over his heart. Carl, disregarding everything save his own melancholy destiny, strode along almost choked by bitter thought, and so little heedful of the road, that he soon became involved in thickets whose paths were unknown to him; he looked up to the heavens, and shaping his course by one of the stars, was somewhat surprised to find himself still involved in the impenetrable mazes of the wood. Compelled to give more attention than heretofore to his route, he once or twice thought that he distinguished a human figure moving through the darkness of the forest. At first, not disposed to fall in with a companion, he remained silent, lest the person, whoever he might be, should choose to enter into conversation with him; then not quite certain whether he was right in his conjecture—for upon casting a second glance upon the object which attracted him, he more than once discovered it to be some stunted trunk or fantastic tree—he became anxious to ascertain whether he was in reality alone, or if some other midnight wanderer trod the waste, and he looked narrowly around; all was still, silent and solitary; and fancying that he had been deceived by the flitting shadows of the night, he was again relapsing into his former reverie, when he became aware of the presence of a man dressed in the garb of a forester, and having his cap wreathed with a garland of green leaves, who stood close at his side. Carl's tongue moved to utter a salutation, but the words stuck in his throat, an indescribable sensation of horror thrilled through his frame; tales of the demons of the Hartz rushed upon his memory—but he recovered instantly from the sudden shock. The desperate state of his fortune gave him courage, and, looking up, he was surprised at the con-

sternation which the stranger had occasioned: he was a person of ordinary appearance, who, accosting him frankly, exclaimed, "Ho, comrade, thou art, I see, bent on the same errand as myself; but wherefore dost thou seek the treasures of the Nibelungen without the protecting wreath?"—"The treasures of the Nibelungen?" returned Carl: "I have indeed heard of such a thing, and that it was hidden in the bosom of the Hartz by a princess of the olden time; but I never was mad enough to think of so wild a chase as a search after riches, which has baffled the wisest of our ancestors, most surely prove."—"Belike, then," replied the forester, "thou art well to do in the world, and therefore needest not to replenish thy wallets with gold,—travelling perchance to take possession of some rich inheritance."—"No, by St. Roelas," cried the woodcutter, "thou hast guessed wide of the mark. I am going to hide my poverty in the mine of Rammelsburg!"—"The mine of Rammelsburg!" echoed the stranger, and laughed scornfully, so that the deep woods rang with the sound; and Carl feeling his old sensations return as the fiendish merriment resounded through the wilderness, again gazed steadfastly in his companion's face, but he read nothing there to justify his suspicions: the fiery eye lost its lustre; the lip its curl; and, gazing benignantly upon the forlorn woodcutter, he continued his speech, saying, "Then prithee take the advice of one who knows these forests, and all that they contain. Here are materials in abundance for our garland; advance forward, and fear not the issue;"—and, gathering leaves from the boughs of trees of a species unknown to his new acquaintance, he twined them into a wreath, and placed the sylvan diadem on Carl's head. The instant that he felt the light pressure on his temples, all his fears vanished; and he followed his guide, conversing pleasantly through wide avenues and over broad glades of fresh turf, which seemed to be laid out like a

royal chase, till they came to a wall of rock resembling the Hahnen Klippers, and entering through an arch, a grey moss-covered tower arose in the distance. The ponderous doors were wide open; and Carl advancing, found himself in a large hall well lighted, and showing abundance of treasure scattered abroad in all directions. He was conscious that he had lost his companion, but he seemed no longer to require his instruction: and casting down his own worthless burthen, he laded himself with the riches that courted his touch. The adventurer was soon supplied with a sufficient quantity of gold and jewels to satisfy his most unbounded wishes; and turning from the spot with a light heart, he sped merrily along. The country round about seemed strange to him: but on re-passing the rocky ledge, a brisk wind suddenly springing up blew off his cap. The morning air was cold, and Carl, hastening to regain his

head-gear, discovered that the wreath had disappeared; and, as if awakening from a dream, he found himself surrounded by familiar objects; he felt, however, the weight of the load upon his back, and though panting with the fatigue it occasioned, made the best of his way home. On approaching the hut, a low murmur struck on his ear. He paused; listened attentively; and distinguishing a female voice, he rushed forward, and in the next moment clasped Linda in his arms. She had fled from the persecutions of the bailiff to seek shelter in Carl's straw-roofed hut; and the now happy lovers, as they surveyed the treasures which had been snatched from the Nibelungen, agreed that they owed their good fortune to Riebezahle the Wood King, who sometimes taking pity upon the frail and feeble denizens of earth, pointed out to their wondering eyes the inexhaustible riches of which he was the acknowledged guardian.

THE REGATTA AT RYDE.—A SKETCH.

Gonzola. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long Heath, brown furze, any thing.—The winds above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.—*The Tempest.*

"**PUGH!** how hot it is!" quoth my fat friend Mr. D—, dragging me along the jetty at Ryde, as a three-decker would tow a cock-boat. "I came here to cool myself in the evening breeze, but find it like the breeze of the bellows, for the harder it blows the hotter the fire; and I am a pretty subject for sun-beams a'n't I? If people go to heaven by flying, I shall be lost to a certainty, for where will you find wings to carry twenty stone?"

With all this anti-cherubic ponderosity, my friend had the advantage of most unwieldy subjects, for it appeared that the longer he lived the more active he grew, the greater beau, and the more envied favourite of the ladies. The crowds who were languishing under their parasols all brightened up their smiles to re-

spond to his jocularity; and the very creaking of the planks beneath his stride seemed to attract universal admiration. We sat down on the stairs which descended to the water, where a numerous party were admiring the fleet of yachts, all lying ready for the Regatta on the morrow. The light clouds, the white sails, the thousand varied colours, and even the minutest rope, were reflected in the sunny water with a fidelity which reminded Mr. D— of a world turned topsy-turvy; and the prospect of fine weather, and a sight of the King, set every one upon arranging plans for going to sea; all of which my friend assisted with his counsel, taking it for granted that he was to be included as ballast. In fact, this assumption was chiefly instrumental in organizing a party,

the responsible ladies being solely induced to brave the danger from a reasonable confidence that a man of Mr. D——'s compass would undertake nothing hazardous.

Alas! that years of discretion should ever be indiscreet enough to form those galley-slave amusements, called parties of pleasure, from which the utmost good that can be extracted is a disposition to jog on the more contented with things in their ordinary course. In the commencement, it is an even chance but you are afflicted with a *coup de soleil*; in the middle, it is two to one but each individual has a different view of enjoyment, and thinks how happy he could have been without the rest; and then, it is any odds you please that the finale is an accident; for which the only consolation is, "I told you how it would be." I never gave into a martyrdom of the kind, of which this is not the exact character, excepting in one instance, and from this one I can only deduct the discontent, which was banished (from me at least) by a pair of eyes which would have banished the gloom of Erebus. Even now they were sparkling on the jetty stairs, as if to remind me of the hide-and-seek in the wood, and to dare the utterance of my evil forebodings. And then there was Mr. D——, who had rolled down the hill to show us the effect of an avalanche; and then there were the captain and the cornet, who had sent the higher authorities to hunt the hide-and-seek people in a wrong direction. How could I resist an invitation under such circumstances? Above all, there was the cockney cousin Cymon, who had been penetrated by the beauty of Barbara, even through those opaque white starers! One would sooner have expected the sun to shine through the frosty Caucasus; and had I wanted the inducements already mentioned to encounter the fatigues of pleasure, I must needs have gone to relieve Barbara from the persecutions of this remorseless *rara avis*.

Pretty, pretty Barbara! She was still the same sweet, natural young creature as ever, and conversed upon days gone by with an enthusiasm tempered by an embarrassment which awakened recollections of Arcadia, —of Olympus itself! With the bloom of beauty, she possessed, what was infinitely more fascinating, the bloom of character, and always inspired a sensation akin to that which one feels on greeting the first flowers of the spring, or the first notes of the bird which announces it. The moments which one spends in wandering through the little sequestered retreats of characters like these are of more benefit to our own than the best homilies against evil courses that were ever written. It is quite impossible to plot any thing bad in such an atmosphere, and I am convinced that a renewal of my excursions therein refreshed my virtues incalculably; for if before I only despised Mr. Cymon, I now hated him into the bargain, which was most scrupulously giving him his due.

The next morning we pushed off to the vessel, which Mr. D—— had contrived to borrow, with a concert of lively voices like the carol of a flight of linnets. We found our jovial friend, who had undertaken to be captain, and all the sailors, busily employed in clearing decks; and pronounced the Charming Sally to be no less worthy of admiration than the charming commander. Being determined to exhibit all in character, he had equipped himself for the occasion in a short sailor's jacket and linen trowsers, and appeared, like a toad in his hole, to have expanded to their full dimensions.

"Ho, ho!" said he, "a'n't I a jolly fellow?"

Mrs. John and Mrs. Thomas expostulated loudly at there being no sailors, and earnestly entreated to know whether he had ever managed a ship before.

"Ho, ho! that's a good joke! Just as if I could not manage such a cockle-shell as this, whether I had or not! Why, here is not water enough

in the Channel to drown me ! I can swim like a whale, if needs must ; and as for a dozen or two of you on my back—Lord, Lord ! Hillo, Cornet, let go the moorings. Now for the mainsail—this great rope, I suppose,—Up she goes ! Yeo, yeo, yeo !”

Up she went indeed, and up she would have gone had she been a ton heavier.

“ Mr. Cymon,” he resumed, observing that the vicinity of that ample-headed young person to the gentle Barbara might materially interfere with the convenience of more deserving folks, “ you have a pair of fine keen eyes, and therefore I shall employ you upon the con.”

“ Upon the what ?” stared Cymon.

“ Upon the look-out, Lieutenant Cymon ; so, be so good as go and hide yourself behind the foresail, and see that we don’t run over the King.”

Poor Cymon endeavoured, with all the vehemence of genuine modesty, to excuse himself from promotion ; but was overruled by the general opinion that he was the only person fit for it. Mr. D—— stood jovially singing at the helm, and satisfying the steady ladies (who are always more curious than the giddy ones) as to who was this and who was that ; and the rest of our voyagers felt the breeze bring nothing but harmony and blow away nothing but care.

The elements were perfectly impartial in their favors, for all the world seemed to be quite as happy as we, and, as we neared Spithead, we had an excellent opportunity of judging, for every sail of every description, from the Queen Charlotte to the catamaran, consisting of Heaven knows how many hundreds, had congregated into a shoal, which left us scarcely sailing-room. Cymon’s post was no sinecure, and his fears of an accident, had he not occasionally peeped astern to see what I was about, would fully have justified our confidence in him. This

tinge of the tender passion, however, (if it somewhat obscured his glory, as it has often done that of greater men) by adding to the perils of our voyage, considerably increased its interest. The flaunting of the stranger pendants over our decks, the shouts of “ Keep off !” the discord of divers bands playing divers tunes almost on board of us, and the cries of our respectable passengers, made Mr. D—— laugh like an earthquake. Mrs. John and Mrs. Thomas grew more and more nervous, and talked of going home, particularly as there were no signs of the King coming to sea. The only way in which the steersman could pacify them was by promising, as he hoped to grow fatter, that they should hear news of his Majesty from the next man-of-war. Accordingly, with a malicious chuckle, he steered direct for the nearest of some eighteen or twenty, which, with all their yards manned and all their colours flying, were just preparing for a royal salute. We could not have been in a better situation to enjoy the benefit of it, for our flag was brushing the stern of the Vengeur precisely as the first match was applied. The explosion seemed to frighten the craft itself, which almost jumped out of water ; and as for Mrs. John and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. D—— declared that their stanchions were cut away as clean as if a chain-shot had taken them.

“ Ho, ho !” he exclaimed, as they lay prostrate on the deck, “ Trafalgar was a fool to this !”

“ Oh, Mr. D—— !” —and then there was another roar,—“ Put us on shore !” and then another, “ We shall all be killed !” and then a regular round. Meantime, the batteries were hard at work on either shore, almost every pleasure-boat contributed its loyal effusion of fire and smoke, and the captain and cornet banged away with a little cannon, which Mr. D—— had brought in his pocket, till it was absolutely red-hot. In short, the whole world seemed to be nothing but one enormous cracker, and all that was visible were the

flashes of flame, and the sailors upon the topmost rigging, who appeared to be standing upon nothing.

"Don't be frightened, Aunt John," cried Cymon, who had fled from his post to take refuge in the rear of Mr. D—. "Don't be frightened. There are no bullets in them."

"Ho, ho!" shouted D—, "Officer of the fore-castle desert his post in battle! A court-martial! A court-martial! How now, Mrs. John; is the King coming now?"

At length the wars ended and the wounded were gathered up, and, as the smoke cleared away, their horrors were dissipated by a view of the real royal yacht which was making all sail towards the Needles.

"Ready about!" exclaimed Mr. D—. "Up fore-topsail, sky-scrapers and moon-rakers! We'll catch him though he were king of the Jack-o'-lanterns!" and away we went in full chase, and, I might add, in full cry.

The breeze, however, only carried us abreast of Cowes. Our sails rocked for a moment to and fro, and then dropped motionless. All the company, as is usual on parties of pleasure, began to be dissatisfied; the curious, that they could not see the King, and the rest, that folks had nothing to do but to listen to what their neighbours were saying. In this agreeable occupation Cymon was particularly conspicuous, and eyed the gentle Barbara just as the jackal would eye the lamb, to see how much the lion (I beg pardon for the magnificent comparison, but I really was a lion to Cymon)—to see how much the lion means to leave him.

"Here we are," said Mr. D—, "just under the line! I don't know what we shall do, unless we tar and feather Cousin Cymon."

"I think," replied Barbara, with a pretty smile of vengeance, "this would be a good opportunity for the court-martial."

Every one, excepting the culprit, applauded the idea, and Mr. D— swore by Neptune he should have justice. Cymon's wit and courage

were pretty equally balanced, and all he could think of to parry the joke was to grin on the wrong side of his face and cry "What nonsense!" But, luminous as this defence was, it could not save him, for he was found guilty of having a white feather, upon which the court sentenced him to go down below and unpack the dinner. Poor Cymon, whatever were his private feelings, was obliged to take it all as a good joke, and, accordingly, tumbled down the cabin stairs to do as he was bid.

Nothing induces patience so much as good cheer; and Mr. D—, whom we had appointed to the commissariat from ancient experience of his capability, had laid in a stock which would have taken us to Gibraltar and back.

"Who cares for the wind now?" quoth he, wiping his head, and preparing to do the honours of the table. "And who cares for the King either? I would not be king if I could, till after dinner. How now White-feather, can't you get room next to Cousin Barbara? Squeeze in next to me, then—I'll promise not to incommode you with my bones. There, hand that to Aunt John, and give me the cork-screw. Ho, ho! There's a fine froth, an't it? Captain, my service to you, and chuck that target of lamb here. Cousin Barbara, don't let that young fellow talk you out of your dinner. Cymon White-feather, a glass of Dutch courage.—Pop! Fiz! There's a bottle, Mrs. Thomas!"

Thus, time

"Went merry as a marriage-bell,"

and then the sun sank and the breeze rose, and Mrs. John was for renewing the chase of the King, and Mr. D— swore he would have a dance.

"Cousin Barbara," cried Cymon, "mind, you are engaged to dance with me."

"Dance with you!" ejaculated bully D—: "not to be heard of!"

* None but the brave, none but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

So you shall play the fiddle, and give us 'Off she goes,' or some such food of love. Hillo! All hands on deck! Come, Mrs. John, you and I will open the ball. Change sides and back again, down the middle and overboard. Strike up, fiddler, and stick your stern against the rudder, and steer like Arion amongst the dolphins!"

Cymon's Cremona, which he had brought down from London on purpose to fiddle away the heart of Barbara, had really been smuggled on board, and, as resistance to bully D—— was out of the question, he was even constrained to commence operation, though with a face most terribly out of tune. Off went the Colossus with the struggling Mrs. John, who declared in vain that we should all go to the bottom.—"Ho, ho!" he cried, "I'll show you how to dance, if the planks hold together! Right and left, pousette, begin at top, and scrape away, Cremona!" Then followed Barbara and myself, and then another couple, and then another; and, in the midst of the bustle, the King made a tack and passed back under the shores of the Isle of Wight, whilst we were running hard upon Hurst Castle.

"Hillo ho! Hark back! The King has given us the double. Ready about! Helm's a-lee! All Arion's fault! Over with him! Chuck him to the dolphins!"

"Oh, Cymon, how could you be so careless!" quoth one.

"How excessively stupid!" ejaculated another.

"How amazingly awkward!" added a third.

Cymon's attempts to excuse himself were all drowned in the overwhelming accusations; and in his confusion, as he was putting the vessel about according to the divers directions of Mr. D. and three or four more of the party, who kept dancing all the time, he very nearly swept every soul of us overboard with the boom. Before the screaming was over, his way chanced to be impeded by another yacht, and, not

knowing exactly which end he stood upon, he first dodged her this way, and then that, and then ran clean on board of her, with a shock which had well nigh split us asunder. Never was the cry of despairing mariners so terrific. The middle-aged ladies flung themselves for safety into the arms of the Leviathan; Barbara allowed me to press her to my bosom and swear I would die with her; the Captain and the Cornet seemed to be employed in an equally despairing manner; and Cymon tore his hair and besought every one in vain to show him which was the way to swim. Still, far above this mortal conflict of sounds was heard the shout of Mr. D——.

"Ho, ho, ho! thank God we are not born to be hanged! I'm glad I had no time to prepare for death, for I never could have taken sufficient advantage of it to be saved. Ho ho! if Cymon is not drowned I'll haunt him. What a bone for the fish to pick! Mackerel will be as cheap as dirt!"

When we found that we were not actually sinking, tranquillity was in some measure restored. All the damage we had sustained was the loss of the bowsprit, which was broken short off, and hung dangling by its rigging; but, as without this same appendage the vessel would not answer the helm, the disaster was still pretty considerable. Mr. D——, however, was as good as a man-of-war's crew; and having found the tool-chest and seated himself across the stem, he set bravely to work, with the assistance of poor Cymon, who was assured by every body that he ought to help because it was entirely his fault.

"His fault! Ay, to be sure it was—Jonas himself! The sledge-hammer, Jonas, and another ten-penny nail—Ugh! ugh! ugh! there it is! nothing like a heavy arm to drive a nail:

'You gentlemen of England, who dwell at home at ease,'—

The saw, Jonas, the saw!—

"How little do you think upon the dangers of the sea."

There she is—there's my bill of a woodcock, ready to pick the King's eye out, if we could only see him. Jonas, you have lost us two hours good, so you must just stand here and fiddle for the Jetty lights."

At the earnest entreaty of the ladies, Mr. D— then resumed the helm, and we continued our voyage with pretty fair hopes of arriving at home somewhere about midnight.

"Barbara," said I, "are you fatigued?"

"No!" she replied in the same under-tone—but oh, how sweet!

"And have you enjoyed the day?"

"Oh, so much!"

"And what have you found so enjoyable in it?"

"I don't know!"

"Was it the sea?"

"No!"

"The sights?"

"No!"

"Was it your cousin Cymon's company?"

"Oh, no!"

"Was it—was it any one's else in particular?"

Barbara made no reply.

"Will you not answer me? Barbara, I am going abroad to-morrow to stay three years."

"No!" she said with an earnestness and a touch of her hand which gave me a spasm of real pity for poor Cymon. What exquisite accompaniments to such a murmuring as this would have been the starlighted midnight, the sweep of the winds which blew my boat-cloak around such a pair of shoulders, the sparkling of the spray which seemed to cast a protecting halo over our prow!—what exquisite accompaniments would they have proved, had it not been for the ungrateful repining of Mrs. John and Mrs. Thomas, who had no sooner been relieved from staring in the face of death, than they began their lamentations for not having ogled his Majesty. Then there was the Polyphemus fig-

ure of my friend D—, who bellowed his ballads like the Bull of Bashan! As for the degraded Cymon, he sat brooding over his grievances quiet enough at last, forming determinations never again to venture his person and reputation upon the stormy ocean. The rest of the passengers too were as tranquil as could be desired, and therefore it was not necessary to supervise their occupations. But oh!

"Ye stars, which are the poetry of Heaven,"

why cannot love have a pinnacle with no sailors but yourselves?

"Hillo!" cried he of Bashan, "what news a-head, Jonas?"

"I think I see the Jetty lights."

"Well said, Jonas: you'll be good for something after all. Starboard or larboard, Jonas? To the right or left?"

"To the right—a little more—more still."

Cymon was really beginning to get some credit for seeing what nobody else could; but his reputation was doomed to be cut off in the bud, for, instead of having seen the Jetty lights, he had all along been bending his optics upon a cottage window two miles short of them; and, in the midst of his praises, we dashed, like a benighted sword-fish, into a hard-hearted mud bank.

"Ho, ho, ho!" shouted Polyphemus, "if you are not Jonas now, I am no whale, that's all!"

"A rock, a rock!" screamed all who were not occupied with softer cogitations.

"No, Mrs. John; no, ho ho! worse than that! we are on the mud; and once get me on the mud and I'll defy the devil to get me off again. Give me sea-room—only float me, and all well and good; but here I am like a stranded Leviathan, and push me off who can. Noah's ark was never more firmly fixed upon Mont Blanc, or Primrose Hill, or where the deuce was it? Nevertheless we'll try. The boat-hook, Jonas—the boat-hook! Oh for a cedar of Lebanon!"

Alas ! he pushed and strained till he almost spitted himself upon the pole, but all to no purpose.

" Firm as Windsor Castle ! you'll never move whilst I am on board. If I was out, indeed, you would bob up like a cork ; but then what would become of you without me ? I'll put myself in t'other scale, and see what that will do."

With that he plunged over the stern into the boat, and began pulling away till the oars cracked again.

" Push away at the bow, my boys, and I'll tow you out backwards forwards. Lord, Lord ! if I could only be in both places at once, I'd make her slip out like a mud eel. Pugh ! it's of no use ! The wind is blowing us in harder than ever, and the sea is getting up, and she will be knocked to pieces, and Mrs. John and Mrs. Thomas will never see the King until it pleases Heaven to call him unto all those who have travelled by land or by sea. Ho, ho, ho ! to prayers, to prayers, for it is all over with you, unless you take to the boat, or make a raft of my back."

It was, indeed, high time to take his advice, for the sea became whiter and whiter, and broke violently over us. Mr. D—— ran up a rope as nimbly as a Brobdignag spider.

" Ho ho ! Here's a squalling ! To the boat, to the boat !

* Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer !"

Ho, ho, ho ! There's Jonas in first—he'll not be drowned if he can help it. Now, Jonas, catch aunt John, for here she comes, cackling like a basket of cocks and hens—Well stowed, Mrs. John—Now, Mrs. Thomas—there you go—Now another—and another,—Jump in, gentlemen all, and take the oars ; Jonas will steer you—he's a hand at that."

" Mr. D—— ! Mr. D—— !" shrieked the ladies, " you will not leave us to the mercy of the elements ? You will not stay behind ?"

" You have got Jonas with you, and he is a host in himself. Pull away my hearties ; I must stay and

keep house—never desert the good ship in distress ; besides, I should sink you, as sure as lead."

Then there was another cry set up—" Barbara ! Where is Barbara ?"

" God bless you, sweet Barbara !" I whispered : " I did not know what they were about."

" You come with us ?"

" Desert my friend in distress, Barbara ? Impossible !"

" Merciful Heavens !"

" Bless you, sweet Barbara ! Now this step—now that—now jump—' Ministers of grace !' what propositions !"

Considering that the rowers had never handled an oar before, and that Cynon was something worse than nothing, they went off pretty dexterously, and we had not much fear for their safe passage home. When they were fairly out of sight, we began to consider what was best to be done.

" What a jolly day !" said my companion, letting down the mainsail,— " never had such fun in my life ; but why did you not keep Barbara on board ? Whew ! there's a sea for you ! The tide is coming in—let us heave out the anchor, to prevent her from drifting farther in, and then, if we are not knocked to pieces first, we may be afloat by the time we have done supper. Here she goes—splash ! Now come and grope for the tinder-box, and leave the rest to Providence."

There was nothing better to be done, and so to the cabin we descended, and struck a light.

" Ho ho ! what land-lubbers we were not to make Jonas put the dishes away ! That crack against t'other boat has capsized every thing. Just grope about, and see if you can find the lobster under the table. The wine is safe, that's one comfort ; and here's a goose, that's another. Now, draw your chair, and hold your plate."

In spite of the sentimentals, the sight of my friend pulling away tooth and nail at the goose's leg inspired

me with a kindred appetite, and, after the first bottle, we cared as much for Neptune as we did for sulky Cymon. At the end of the second bottle, and when bully D. had finished sucking the last claw of the lobster, we felt the sea dashing less violently.

"Slack water," said he, "but still hard and fast."

We went above to make fresh efforts, but to no purpose.

"Here we are then, till morning. What signifies? Better lying in the cabin than in the watch-house, and some of us have done that ere now. The wind is just going down, too—only just enough to lull us to sleep and keep us cool—I'm for turning in."

There was no alternative; so, having gathered together all the cloaks and shawls which had been left behind in the hasty disembarkment, we bade adieu to upper air, and set about making our beds. The Bull of Bashan had done the most labour, and therefore I gave him the most litter; taking care, however, to preserve to myself the shawl of Barbara.

"Ho ho! That's right! make my bed to the leeward, for, if I were to roll over you, you would find me worse than a waggon-wheel—you'd only be fit to be stuck on paper, and be kept in a portfolio of dried dandelions! Ugh!" he continued, depositing his vast personal property, "I shall sleep like a hunted hippopotamus."

And verily he kept his word, for the slumber of Boreas himself could not have been more sonorous; nevertheless, I do not accuse him of keeping me awake, for that was the fault of Barbara. I placed her shawl next to my bosom, and made love to it for a whole, delicious hour before I could drop off; and then—alas, that dreams are not realities!

At about six o'clock of one of the finest mornings that ever shone upon mortal disappointment, I was awakened by a splash in the water, just as if a Titan had swooped down from

the highest Heaven. For a moment there was a dead silence, and then a loud snort. "Ho ho!" cried a jolly voice, "this is delightful! this would cool a salamander!"

I ran up on deck, to see what was the matter.

"Ho ho!" repeated D——, who was evolving in the water, "which am I most like, a whale or a walrus? Jump down upon my shoulders—you shall be captain and I will be ship, and we'll be at home in no time;—or, if you like, I'll give you an airing to the Needles and back, or to St. Helen's, or to Havre de Grace. Puff! puff! Don't you see, I go by steam? Ho ho! you are afraid! Well then, I'll plumb the depth, and see what chance we have of getting the craft off. Just look now, and see what a whirlpool I shall make as I go down. First, you know, we tread water, and roll this way and that way, like the buoy at Spithead, and then we shot up our fins so, and then—Lord deliver us from sticking in the mud!—down we go."

He went down like a huge diving-bell—the vortex closed over him, the waves subsided, the air-bubbles had all burst,

"But where was County Guy?"

I continued watching the place in the utmost anxiety, but he did not rise. "Good God!" I exclaimed, "what has become of him?" when, to my heart's content, I heard his jovial shout on the other side of the vessel.

"There's a dive for you! Deep as the Bay of Biscay! Lend a hand here to help me up. We'll have her off in no time—only hangs by the rudder. Hand me my shirt—no, that's the mainsail. Ho ho!"

Having performed his toilet, he set about acting upon his submarine discoveries, by pushing the bow out towards the deep water, which we had before been prevented from doing by the wind. This loosened her astern, where my friend, invigorated by his swim to the strength of a mammoth, gave her but a single push, and off she glided.

"Hurrah! we're afloat! and here comes a breeze just in time. Up mainsail—yoo, yoo!—set the jib—ho ho! worth a hundred of Cymon White-feather!"

And we really got under weigh once more. As we neared the Jetty we perceived all our party, and a great many others, anxiously looking out for us, Cymon having given it as his firm opinion that we were drowned, and the married ladies having averred that we had nobody to blame but ourselves. The majority, however, agreed with Barbara, that nothing could be more admirable than the intrepidity with which Mr. D—— had braved the elements rather than sink their boat, and nothing more noble than the fearless devotion with which I had remained to share the danger of my friend. Amidst the reiterated expression of these flattering sentiments we made

our triumphant landing, receiving all the distinguished appellations from Pylades and Orestes down to Valentine and Orson. Mrs. John, who, notwithstanding her chagrin at having missed the King, had still a sort of woman's love for a hero, hung proudly upon the arm which had wrought such wonders; Barbara blushed and smiled, as though she were quite contented to lean upon mine. The procession was closed by Cymon, who offered his services to a less distinguished beauty, manfully assuring her that he had given up his ungrateful cousin for ever and a day.

"Ho, ho, ho!" finished Mr. D——, "to breakfast—to breakfast! Well done, Damon and Pythias! Well done, Gog and Magog! Our names are up! we shall both marry fortunes, and then I'll build a three-decker."

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

A VERY successful melo-drama entitled *The Goldsmith*, translated from the French by Miss Louisa Holcroft, a daughter-in-law of Kenny's, has been brought forward. The incidents are marked by an intense interest, and the language of the production is far above that obstreperous kind too frequently adopted in melo-drame. *Cardillac*, the goldsmith, though possessed of considerable wealth, is in the constant practice of murdering his victims, most frequently his own customers. He has an amiable daughter, *Isabella*, who is in love with *Oliver*, the assistant of *Cardillac*. *Oliver*, at an early period of the piece detects the horrid practice of the goldsmith, but cannot urge himself to betray the murderer, he being the father of *Isabella*. *Oliver* still continues to watch the practice of *Cardillac*, and intercepts him just as he has unsuccessfully attacked *Count Rosenberg*; the goldsmith, mortally wounded, flees,

leaving his cloak and dagger at the feet of *Oliver*, who is arraigned of the attempt at murder, but who refuses to save himself by the betrayal of *Cardillac*. While the examination, which takes place in the goldsmith's house, is proceeding, *Cardillac* rushes in, confesses his crimes, asserts the innocence of *Oliver*, and dies. Cooper played *Cardillac* with surprising energy, and Vining threw more spirit into *Oliver* than we ever before witnessed in any of his attempts. Miss P. Glover played *Isabella* interestingly, and Mrs. Humby was very tolerable as a comic waiting-maid. The piece was received with every testimonial of general satisfaction.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

After much preparation the opera of *The Freebooters* has been produced. The piece had already excited great interest in Germany, and assuredly merited all the applause bestowed upon it. The music by Paer, and is distinguished by great powers of

energy and wildness conjoined to the soft and the pathetic. The composer has none of the vivid ebullitions of Weber; on the contrary, a beautiful regularity is evident throughout the music, and if we are not at intervals greatly excited, we never for a moment lose our admiration of the composer. The plot of *The Freebooters* may be very briefly related.

Among the many family feuds which distracted Italy, was that of *Oberto del Ardenghelli*, and the house of *Ligozzi*. *Oberto* has been compelled to quit Florence, and rallying around him the remnants of his house, with other additions of roving followers, he finds himself the captain of a gang of freebooters. The piece opens shortly after the capture of *Isabella del Ligozzi*, to whom *Oberto* subsequently offers freedom; the offer is, however, rejected by

Isabella, her husband, *Edoardo del Ligozzi*, having found means to gain access to her under the disguise of a shepherd. *Isabella* and her husband ultimately determine to escape; they are, however, followed, and recaptured by the gang, when *Edoardo* disdaining further concealment, confesses himself to be the hereditary foe of *Oberto*. Nothing but instant immolation is expected by *Edoardo*, when the captain of the freebooters takes a magnanimous revenge, and gives his enemy leave to depart. After some further dialogue *Oberto* discovers *Isabella* to be his daughter, left by him in her infancy at Florence; *Edoardo* receives the blessing of *Oberto*, and the piece concludes. The latter incident of the discovery of *Isabella* is by no means dexterously imagined.

NOVEL WRITERS AND NOVEL READERS.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY of men, who held no distinguished rank in the political world, is often very pleasant reading; especially where the writer has a strong tincture of vanity, and is obviously blind to his own character; for, if he does not know it himself, he is sure to let his readers know it; if he does not see the dark spots, he will not endeavour to conceal them; and, if he thinks them bright ones, he will blazon them. But novel-writing, when well done, is, after all, the best species of writing; for, if what all the world says, is true; what all the world reads, must be good. A novel-writer, of any talents, will draw his portraits from the life—will catch at every striking feature, and generally paint man as he is; and there is this difference between actual histories and works of imagination, that the former are for the most part true in letter, but false in spirit; and the latter, false in letter, and true in spirit: the one is correct in names, dates, and places, but out of truth in

every thing else: the other is not correct in names, dates, and places, but perfectly true in every other point.

The worst part of a novel is the hero or heroine: these are too frequently fabrications from the author's fancy, instead of portraits from nature; or, if taken from life, they are tortured into a perfection that life never knew. This is too much the case with "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and ten thousand others. Ladies are not good hands in painting heroes, nor gentlemen always equal to the portraying of heroines. The author of *Werter* knew that, and therefore he did not disfigure his wicked and interesting work with an artificial Charlotte: he leaves her to the reader's own fancy, who has nothing to do but to fancy himself *Werter*, and his own imagination will paint Charlotte.

When the hero is made the vehicle of one moral lesson, as Vivian, in Miss Edgeworth's "Tales of Fashionable Life," then there is no

need of artificial ornament ; and when there is no intention of presenting an unmixed character of evil, nothing remains but to draw from life, and the work is perfect. One of Miss Edgeworth's failings is of great service to her, in this kind of painting : she wants what some persons call feeling, that is to say, she does not believe in the omnipotence of love, and therefore would never have written such a book as the "Sorrows of Werter;" and if she had possessed the same materials, she would have produced a very different work—not so full of genius, perhaps, but an interesting and instructive tale.

Novels are productions more easily criticised than any others : every one may judge for himself of the truth or probability of the events, and the accuracy of the features of character. It is impossible almost to deceive a reader—to palm upon him fiction for truth ; for the truth is felt, if it be there, and the falsehood is palpable and revolting. There is also an extensive light of information in them. They do not merely give one scene, or character, or class of characters ; but their principles are generally applicable to a very wide extent—they exercise the mind to a habit of observation, and so far from giving false views of life, they more frequently direct us to its true estimate. To be sure, there is sometimes a degree of improbability in

some of the incidents, which is mostly forgiven, if the whole mass be, in the main, true and accurate. There are certain standard incidents, which are common property—such as the discovery of relationships—the change of children—and liberal aunts, who make nothing of presenting a young married couple with twenty or thirty thousand pounds on their wedding day ; but, if any young lady or gentleman is silly enough to marry, without the means of support, because they have read such things in novels, and have also read of rich uncles all of a sudden returning from the East or West Indies, to shower gold and pearls on all their relations, and that must be said for them is, that they have not sufficient sense to read "Æsop's Fables," and they might as easily be misled into the imagination that brutes could talk. It is a very weak charge against novels, that they present false views of life ; for, when they do, none but silly people read them ; and they are just as wise after, as they were before.

If there be any evil in novels at all, it is when they take people from their business—when they occupy a mother's time to the neglect of her children—when they lead idle boys to neglect their lessons, and when they lead idle gentlefolks to fancy themselves employed, when they are only killing time.

VARIETIES.

CREDULITY.

THE wonderful miracles wrought by Bridget Bostock, of Cheshire, who healed all diseases by prayer, faith, and an embrocation of fasting spitule, induced multitudes to resort to her from all parts of the country, and kept her salival glands in full employ. Sir John Pryce, with a high spirit of enthusiasm, wrote to this woman to make him a visit at Newton Hall, in order to re-

store to him his third, a favourite, wife. His letter will best tell the foundation on which he built his strange hope, and very uncommon request.

To Mrs. Bridget Bostock.

Madam—Having received information, by repeated advices, both public and private, that you have of late performed many wonderful cures, even where the best physicians have failed ; and that the means used ap-

pear to be very inadequate to the effect produced; I cannot but look upon you as an extraordinary and highly favoured person. And why may not the same most merciful God, who enables you to restore sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and strength to the lame, also enable you to raise the dead to life? Now, having lately lost a wife, whom I most tenderly loved, my children a most excellent step-mother, and our acquaintances a most dear and valuable friend, you will lay us all under the highest obligations; and I earnestly entreat you, for God Almighty's sake, that you will put up your petitions to the Throne of Grace on our behalf, that the deceased may be restored to us, and the late dame Eleanor Pryce be raised from the dead. If your personal attendance appears to you to be necessary, I will send my coach and six, with proper servants to wait on you hither, whenever you please to appoint. Recompense of any kind that you may please to propose would be made with the utmost gratitude; but I wish the bare mention of it is not offensive to both God and you.

I am, madam,
Your most obedient, and very much
afflicted, humble servant,

JOHN PRYCE.

RAMSDEN THE OPTICIAN.

It was his custom to retire in the evening to what he considered the most comfortable corner in the house, and take his seat close to the kitchen fireside, in order to draw some plan for the forming a new instrument, or scheme for the improvement of one already made. There, with his drawing implements on the table before him, a cat sitting on the one side, and a certain portion of bread, butter, and a small mug of porter placed on the other side, while four or five apprentices commonly made up the circle, he amused himself with either whistling the favourite air, or sometimes singing the old ballad of

"If she is not so true to me,
What care I to whom she be?
What care I, what care I, to whom she be?"

and appeared, in this domestic group, contentedly happy. When he occasionally sent for a workman, to give him necessary directions concerning what he wished to have done, he first showed the recent finished plan, then explained the different parts of it, and generally concluded by saying, with the greatest good humour, "Now see, man, let us try to find fault with it;" and thus, by putting two heads together, to scrutinize his own performance, some alteration was probably made for the better. But, whatever expense an instrument had cost in forming, if it did not fully answer the intended design, he would immediately say, after a little examination of the work, "Bobs, man! this won't do, we must have at it again;" and then the whole of that was put aside, and a new instrument begun. By means of such perseverance, he succeeded in bringing various mathematical, philosophical, and astronomical instruments to perfection. The large theodolite for terrestrial measurements, and the equal altitude instrument for astronomy, will always be monuments of his fertile, penetrating, arduous, superior genius! There cannot be a lover (especially of this more difficult part) of philosophy, in any quarter of the globe, but must admire the abilities, and respect the memory, of Jesse Ramsden.

SALES OF SEATS IN PARLIAMENT.

In the year 1743, which from the selfish practice of relying wholly on loans, did not much retard the immediate advance of the country, and still more after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, a striking increase of wealth became perceptible. This was shown in one circumstance directly affecting the character of the constitution. The smaller boroughs, which had been from the earliest time under the command of neighbouring peers and gentlemen, or sometimes of the crown, were attempted by rich capi-

talists, with no other connexion or recommendation than one which is generally sufficient. This appears to have been first observed in the general elections of 1747 and 1754; though the prevalence of bribery in a less degree is attested by the statute-book, and the journals of parliament from the Revolution, it seemed not to have broken down all flood-gates till the end of the reign of George II., or rather perhaps the first part of the next. The sales at least of seats in parliament, like any other transferable property, is never mentioned in any book that I remember to have seen of an earlier date than 1760. We may dispense, therefore, with the inquiry in what manner this extraordinary traffic has effected the constitution, observing only that its influence must have tended to counteract that of the territorial aristocracy, which is still sufficiently predominant. The country gentlemen, who claimed to themselves a character of more independence and patriotism than could be found in any other class, had long endeavoured to protect their ascendancy by excluding the rest of the community from parliament. This was the principle of the bill, which, after having repeatedly attempted, passed into a law during the long administration of Anne, requiring every member of the Commons, except those for the universities, to possess, as a qualification for his seat, a landed estate, above all incumbrance, of 300*l.* a year. By a later act of George II. with which it was thought expedient by the government of the day to gratify the landed interest, this property must be stated on oath by every member on taking his seat, and if required, at his election. The law is, however, notoriously evaded; and though much might be urged in favour of rendering a competent income the condition of eligibility, few would be found at present to maintain that the freehold qualification is not required, both unconstitutionally, according to the ancient theory of representation, and absurdly, ac-

ording to the present state of property in England.

Bertrand de la Brocquiere, in his *Travels to Jerusalem* in 1432, says, "In our conversations, I frequently questioned a renegade slave about Mohammed, and where his body was interred. He told me it was at Mecca; that the shrine containing the body was in a circular chapel, open at the top, and that it was through this opening the pilgrims saw the shrine; that among them were some, who, having seen it, had their eyes thrust out, because they said, after what they had just seen, the world could no longer offer them any thing worth looking at. There were in fact, in this caravan, two persons, the one of sixteen and the other of twenty-two or twenty-three years old, who had thus made themselves blind."

"The advantages of inoculation were formerly calculated thus:—if one in seven die of the smallpox in the natural way, and one in three hundred and twelve by inoculation, then, as one million divided by 7 gives 142,857—one million divided by 312 gives 3,205. The lives saved by inoculation upon one million must be 139,652. A most surprising difference! but what would these calculators have said to any one who should have suggested that the period would arrive, when the chance of *having the smallpox* should be only equal to the chance of *dying* under the improvement of inoculation. Five hundred and three deaths from smallpox being the total within the bills of mortality for the year 1826, which on the average was formerly never less than four thousand."

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

A collection of the Parliamentary Speeches (corrected) of the late Right Hon. George Canning, with an authentic Memoir, in five vols. 8vo., illustrated with a Portrait.

A Memoir relating to the Operations of the Serampore Missionaries.